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NOTICE.

On Saturday, February 28th, 1846, THE CRITIC was enlarged, from 24 to 32 pages, making it the LARGEST LITERARY JOURNAL IN EUROPE. Back numbers, to complete sets, may be had, or Vols. I. and II. may be had, handsomely bound, price only 10s. each.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

A History of Greece. By GEORGE GROTE, Esq. Vols. I. and II. London, 1846. Murray.

FROM the evidence of Mr. GROTE's speeches in Parliament, we should have anticipated that any history proceeding from his pen would be laborious in its array of facts, precisely logical in argument, very faultless, but very dull. As for imagination, we had scarcely given him credit for a spark of it. A philosopher we knew him to be, but of that sort we believed him which has no sympathies with poetry, which accounts fancy as folly, and whatever is not capable of proof as undeserving the attention of a man of intellect. Great, therefore, was our surprise on opening these two volumes, containing the commencement of *The History of Greece*, by the champion of the ballot, to find them full of the most hearty sympathies with the subjects to which they are devoted. Mr. GROTE has, with congenial spirit, entered upon the task of portraying *Legendary Greece*. He has thrown himself heart and soul amid the myths of the age of demigods and heroes; he revels in the legends that belong to the early history of all countries, and of Greece more than any. He uses them as they should only be used, as fiction founded upon fact, as poems embodying popular emotions, and from which a patient observer might extract a picture of manners and men of whom no other traces exist.

A work so extensive in its design as Mr. GROTE's *History of Greece*, cannot, of course, be analysed within the space that any literary journal can devote to one publication. Nor is a minute review of it necessary for the purposes of our readers. Enough to remark of it generally that it is an acquisition to the historical library. Numerous as are already the histories of Greece, this of Mr. GROTE supplies a vacancy among them. It is in its design unique, and in its execution unrivalled. The style is pure, nervous, and graphic English. Mr. GROTE has brought uncommon powers of discrimination

and rare acuteness of intellect to the work with which he begins, namely, *The History of Legendary Greece*. He sees more in the legends of a people than so many old wives' tales; he looks for something beside the mere poem, and he finds a meaning in the popular creed, and the expression of a national character in the dreams of a mythology. This idea he has so well expressed, that we give it in his own words.

Both the Christian and the Mahomedan religions have begun during the historical age, have been propagated from one common centre, and have been erected upon the ruins of a different pre-existing faith. With none of these particulars did Grecian Paganism correspond. It took rise in an age of imagination and feeling simply, without the restraints, as well as without the aid, of writing or records, of history or philosophy: it was, as a general rule, the spontaneous product of many separate tribes and localities, imitation and propagation operating as subordinate causes; it was moreover a primordial faith, as far as our means of information enable us to discover. These considerations explain to us two facts in the history of the early Pagan mind; first, the divine myths, the matter of their religion, constituted also the matter of their earliest history; next, these myths harmonised with each other only in their general types, but differed incurably in respect of particular incidents. The poet who sang a new adventure of Apollo, the trace of which he might have heard in some remote locality, would take care that it should be agreeable to the general conception which his hearers entertained respecting the god. He would not ascribe the cestus or amorous influences to Athênê, nor armed interference and the ægis to Aphrodité; but provided he maintained this general keeping, he might indulge his fancy without restraint in the particular events of the story. The feelings and faith of his hearers went along with him, and there were no critical scruples to hold them back: to scrutinize the alleged proceedings of the gods was repulsive, and to disbelieve them impious. And thus these divine myths, though they had their root simply in religious feelings, and though they presented great discrepancies of fact, served nevertheless as primitive matter of history to an early Greek: they were the only narratives, at once publicly accredited and interesting, which he possessed. To them were aggregated the heroic myths (to which we shall proceed presently),—indeed the two are inseparably blended, gods, heroes, and men almost always appearing in the same picture,—analogous both in their structure and their genesis, and differing chiefly in the circumstance that they sprang from the type of a hero instead of from that of a god.

The origin of some of the heroic myths is illustrated by reference to that of the Amazons, whose existence in the days in which he was writing, was denied by ARRIAN, while he readily admits their existence in times past.

There cannot be a more striking evidence of the indelible force with which these ancient legends were worked into the national faith and feelings of the Greeks, than these remarks of a judicious historian upon the fable of the Amazons. Probably if any plausible mode of rationalising it, and of transforming it into a quasi-political event, had been offered to Arrian, he would have been better pleased to adopt such a middle term, and would have rested comfortably in the supposition that he believed the legend in its true meaning, while his less inquiring countrymen were imposed upon by the exaggeration of poets. But as the story was presented to him plain and unvarnished, either for acceptance or rejection, his feelings as a patriot and a religious man prevented him from applying to the past such tests of credibility as his untrammelled reason acknowledged to be paramount in regard to the present. When we see, moreover, how much his belief was strengthened, and all tendency to scepticism shut out, by the familiarity of his eye and memory with sculptured or painted Amazons, we may calculate the irresistible force of this sensible demonstration on the convictions of the unlettered public, at once more deeply retentive of passive impressions, and unaccustomed to the countervailing habit of rational investigation into evidence. Had the march of an army of warlike women, from the Thermodon or the Tanais into the heart of Attica been recounted to Arrian as an incident belonging to the time of Alexander the Great, he would have rejected it no less emphatically than Strabo; but cast back as it was into an undefined past, it took rank among the hallowed traditions of divine or heroic antiquity,—gratifying to extol by rhetoric, but repulsive to scrutinise in argument.

The peculiar feature of the mythology of Greece, which personified even the powers of nature, is thus described:—

That which to us is interesting as the mere creation of an exuberant fancy, was to the Greek genuine and venerated reality. The earth and the solid heaven (Gæa and Uranus) were both conceived and spoken of by him as endowed with appetite, feeling, sex, and most of the various attributes of humanity; instead of a sun such as we now see, subject to astronomical laws, and forming the centre of a system the changes of which we can ascertain and foreknow, he saw the great god Hælios, mounting his chariot in the morning in the east, reaching at midday the height of the solid heaven, and arriving in the evening at the western horizon, with horses fatigued and desirous of repose. Hælios had favourite spots wherein his beautiful cattle grazed; he took pleasure in contemplating them during the course of his journey, and was sorely displeased if any man slew or injured them. He had, moreover, sons and daughters on earth, and as his all-seeing eye penetrated everywhere, he was sometimes in a situation to reveal secrets even to the gods themselves, while on other occasions he was constrained to turn aside in order to avoid contemplating scenes of abomination. To us these now appear puerile, though pleasing fancies; but to an Homeric Greek they seemed perfectly natural and plausible. In his view the description of the sun, as given in a modern astronomical treatise, would have appeared not merely absurd, but repulsive and impious; even in later times, when the positive spirit of inquiry had made considerable progress, Anaxagoras and other astronomers incurred the charge of blasphemy for dispersonifying Hælios, and trying to assign invariable laws to the solar phenomena. Personifying fiction was in this way blended by the Homeric Greeks with their conception of the physical phenomena before them, not simply in the way of poetical ornament, but as a genuine portion of their everyday belief.

From these legends Mr. GROTE considers that a tolerably accurate picture may be drawn of the state of society at the time when they had their birth, and this is his sketch of it:—

The society depicted in the old Greek poems is loose and unsettled, presenting very little of legal restraint, and still less of legal protection, but concentrating such political power as does exist in the hands of a legitimate hereditary king, whose ascendancy over the other chiefs is more or less complete according to his personal force and character: whether that ascendancy be greater or less, however, the mass of the people is in either case politically passive and of little account. Though the Grecian freemen of the heroic age is above the degraded level

of the Gallic *plebs* as described by Cæsar, he is far from rivalling the fierce independence and sense of dignity combined with individual force, which characterise the Germanic tribes before their establishment in the Roman empire; still less does his condition, or the society in which he moves, correspond to those pleasing dreams of spontaneous rectitude and innocence in which Tacitus and Seneca indulge with regard to primitive man. The state of moral and social feeling, prevalent in legendary Greece, exhibits a scene in harmony with the rudimentary political fabric just described. Throughout the long stream of legendary narrative on which the Greeks looked back as their past history, the larger social motives hardly ever come into play: either individual valour and cruelty, or the personal attachments and quarrels of relatives and war-companions, or the feuds of private enemies are ever before us. There is no sense of obligation then existing, between man and man as such, and very little between each man and the entire community of which he is a member; such sentiments are neither operative in the real world, nor present to the imaginations of the poets.

Considerable space is devoted to the much debated question of the origin of the Homeric poems, whether they were the production of one person or of many, and when they were composed, and if at one time or in parts at different periods.

These questions have been long and hotly debated by famous combatants on both sides. After a patient and impartial review of their arguments, Mr. GROTE inclines to the opinion of the majority, that there *was* an individual HOMER; but he differs from them in concluding that he was only the founder of the poems or one of them; that he was the head of a family filling an office somewhat like that of the old British Bards, whose duty it was to preserve the legends of the country; by them and their successors were the poems gradually brought to the completeness in which we now possess them. We will not enter into the cogent and ingenious arguments, and proofs adduced by Mr. GROTE in support of his views, but be content with a statement of the results. The more curious must consult the volumes. But in such a case he is entitled to be heard in person.

Homer is no individual man, but the divine or heroic father (the ideas of worship and ancestry coalescing, as they constantly did in the Grecian mind) of the gentle Homerids, and he is the author of the Thebais, the Epigoni, the Cyprian Verses, the Proems or Hymns, and other poems, in the same sense in which he is the author of the Iliad and Odyssey—assuming that these various compositions emanate, as perhaps they may, from different individuals numbered among the Homerids. But this disallowance of the historical personality of Homer is quite distinct from the question, with which it has been often confounded, whether the Iliad and Odyssey are originally entire poems, and whether by one author or otherwise. To us, the name of Homer means these two poems, and little else: we desire to know as much as can be learnt respecting their date, their original composition, their preservation, and their mode of communication to the public. All these questions are more or less complicated one with the other.

He considers that writing was not then known, and that the poems were preserved by means of public recitations.

Even those who maintain that the Iliad and Odyssey were preserved by means of writing, seldom contend that they were read. In appreciating the effect of the poems, we must always take account of this great difference between early Greece and our own times—between the congregation mustered at a solemn festival, stimulated by a community of sympathy, listening to a measured and musical recital from the lips of trained bards or rhapsodes, whose matter was supposed to have been inspired by the Muse—and the solitary reader with a manuscript before him; such manuscript being, down to a very late period in Greek literature, indifferently written, without division into parts and without marks of punctuation. As in the case of dramatic performances in all ages, so in that of the early Grecian epic—a very large proportion of its impressive

effect was derived from the talent of the reciter and the force of the general accompaniments, and would have disappeared altogether in solitary reading. Originally, the bard sung his own epical narrative, commencing with a proemium or hymn to one of the gods: his profession was separate and special, like that of the carpenter, the leech, or the prophet: his manner and enunciation must have required particular training no less than his imaginative faculty. His character presents itself in the *Odyssey* as one highly esteemed; and in the *Iliad* even Achilles does not disdain to touch the lyre with his own hands, and to sing heroic deeds. Not only did the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and the poems embodied in the Epic Cycle, produce all their impression and gain all their renown by this process of oral delivery, but even the lyric and choric poets who succeeded them were known and felt in the same way by the general public, even after the full establishment of habits of reading among lettered men. While in the case of the epic, the recitation or singing had been extremely simple, and the measure comparatively little diversified, with no other accompaniment than that of the four-stringed harp—all the variations superinduced upon the original hexameter, beginning with the pentameter and iambus, and proceeding step by step to the complicated strophes of Pindar and the tragic writers, still left the general effect of the poetry greatly dependent upon voice and accompaniments, and pointedly distinguished from mere solitary reading of the words. And in the dramatic poetry, the last in order of time, the declamation and gesture of the speaking actor alternated with the song and dance of the Chorus, and with the instruments of musicians, the whole being set off by imposing visible decorations. Now both dramatic effect and song are familiar in modern times, so that every man knows the difference between reading the words and hearing them under the appropriate circumstances; but poetry, as such, is, and has now long been, so exclusively enjoyed by reading, that it requires an especial memento to bring us back to the time when the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were addressed only to the ears and feelings of a promiscuous and sympathising multitude. Readers there were none, at least until the century preceding Solon and Peisistratus; from that time forward, they gradually increased both in number and influence; though doubtless small, even in the most literary period of Greece, as compared with modern European society. So far as the production of beautiful epic poetry was concerned, however, the select body of instructed readers furnished a less potent stimulus than the unlettered and listening crowd of the earlier periods. The poems of Choerilus and Antimachus, towards the close of the Peloponnesian war, though admired by erudite men, never acquired popularity; and the Emperor Hadrian failed in his attempt to bring the latter poet into fashion at the expense of Homer.

The second volume treats of the return of the Heracleids to Peloponnesus; the rise of the power of the Dorians; the migrations of the pure Hellenic race, and the foundation of the Ionian, Æolian, and Dorian on the coast of Asia Minor. Mr. GROTE cautions the reader that these events are only conjectural; they rest entirely upon legends; but out of these a foundation of truth may probably be extracted. It is at this point that the pure myth ends; the heroic age begins; but history has not yet an existence; the reader, therefore, must take the narrative as conjectural only. Mr. GROTE remarks, in opening this division of the subject:

It is not the immediate past, but a supposed remote past which governs the suitable atmosphere of mythical narrative—a past originally quite undetermined in respect to distance from the present, as we see in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. And even when we come down to the genealogical poets who affect to give a certain measure of by-gone time, and a succession of persons as well as events, still the names whom they most delight to honour, and upon whose exploits they chiefly expatiate, are those of the ancestral gods and heroes of the tribe and their supposed contemporaries' ancestors, separated by a long lineage from the present era. The obscure and barren centuries which immediately precede the first recorded Olympiad form the natural separation between the legendary return of the Heracleids and the historical wars of Sparta against Messenæ; between the province of legend, wherein matter-of-

fact (if any there be) is so intimately combined with its accompaniments of fiction, as to be undistinguishable without the aid of extrinsic evidence; and that of history, where some matters of fact can be ascertained, and where a sagacious criticism may be usefully employed in trying to add to their number.

But we are trespassing beyond the province of a literary journal, and may render ourselves obnoxious to a charge we are most anxious to shun, that of assuming an aspect of learning and profundity where they would be altogether out of place. Enough has been adduced to exhibit the character and worth of these volumes, and we may cordially welcome Mr. GROTE to a very high place among English historians.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Despatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. With Notes. By Sir NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, G.C.M.G. The sixth volume. London, 1846. Colburn.

THE present volume of a work which is already too bulky for the pockets or the leisure of English readers, ranges only from May, 1804 to July, 1805, a period unmarked by any event famous in history, but which witnessed an enterprize of skill, energy, and daring unrivalled even in his own career, and without a parallel in our naval records; we allude to NELSON's prompt pursuit of the French fleet across the Atlantic and back again. At the close of the last volume he was watching Toulon to prevent the egress of the French ships. Here he was destined to remain for some months in that most tedious of all positions, inactivity combined with constant anticipation of action. His health was declining; his temper sorely tried; neither insult nor stratagem could tempt the enemy into the open sea. For eighteen months he continued in this disagreeable service, never quitting his ship; and yet how resolutely does he write to Rear-Admiral SUTTON: "I have long, my dear friend, made up my mind never to be tired. The longer the happy day is deferred, still every day brings it nearer, and we all feel that the day will arrive; the sooner the better certainly, or I shall not be in at the death."

While in this service a characteristic trait is presented. M. LA TOUCHE TREVILLE, the French admiral, came out with eight ships, and NELSON prepared to give them battle. But thinking better of it, although the English had brought up only five ships, the Frenchmen put about and returned to harbour without firing a shot. NELSON treated the affair as a bit of tomfoolery, and laughed at it; the French Admiral, however, sent him this impudently false despatch:—

On board the Bucentaur, Toulon Road,
26 Prairial, Year 12.

General,—I have the honour to send you the particulars relating to the sortie of the entire squadron under my command. Having received information that a number of English corsairs infested the coast and the islands of Hières, I, three days since, ordered the frigates *L'Incorruptible* and *La Syrene*, and the brig *Le Furet*, into the bay. Baffled by the east wind, they brought to under the Chateau of Porquerolles; and were yesterday seen there by the enemy. Towards noon, the latter detached two frigates and a vessel, which entered by the Great Pass, with the intention of intercepting the retreat of our frigates. So soon as I perceived their manoeuvre, I made signal for the whole squadron to get under sail, which was done accordingly. In fourteen minutes all was ready; and I bore down upon the enemy, to cut off his retreat by the Lesser Pass, or follow him thither, if he attempted it. But the English admiral speedily abandoned the design, recalled his ship and his two frigates from among the islands, and bore away. I followed him until night, and he ran to the south-east. In the morning, at day-break, I saw nothing more of him.

NELSON's anger found vent in truly nautical fashion. "I have only to hope," he observes, "Monsieur LA TOUCHE, who says, in his letter to Paris, that I ran away from him on June the 14th, will give me an opportunity of settling my account before I go home; which cannot be much longer deferred, or I shall never go." And to his brother, Dr. NELSON, he wrote, "You will have seen M. LA TOUCHE's letter of how he chased me and how I ran; I keep it, and by God, if I take him, he shall eat it." To the Admiralty he wrote—

Although I most certainly never thought of writing a line upon Monsieur La Touche's having cut a caper a few miles outside of Toulon, on the 14th of June, where he well knew I could not get at him without placing the ships under the batteries which surround that port, and that, had I attacked him in that position, he could retire into his secure nest whenever he pleased, yet as that gentleman has thought proper to write a letter stating that the fleet under my command ran away, and that he pursued it, perhaps it may be thought necessary for me to say something. But I do assure you, sir, that I know not what to say, except by a flat contradiction; for if my character is not established by this time for not being apt to run away, it is not worth my time to attempt to put the world right.

The death of the boasting admiral, however, which NELSON attributed to his "walking so often up to the signal-posts upon Sepet to watch us—I always pronounced that would be his death"—deprived him of the peculiar satisfaction he had vowed to require.

His differences with the Admiralty were continued: his complaints were disregarded, and others were favoured at his expense. What embittered feeling is expressed in this extract from a letter to ELLIOTT!—

Sir John Orde was sent, if it was a Spanish war, to take the money; but until he saw my orders he did not act. I suppose he was fearful of that responsibility which I am ever ready to take upon me; and now he is to wallow in wealth, whilst I am left a beggar. But such things are. I receive the kindest letters from Lord Melville and the Secretary of State, but they think the French fleet is prize enough for me. You will believe, my dear sir, that if I had small vessels, that one should be with you every month, or oftener; but I have them not. No, not half enough for the different services; and they are decreasing daily by convoys going to England. Not one has arrived for these fifteen months.

And thus, in a letter to BALL:—

I am fully aware that more sloops of war are wanted for the service of Malta and the convoys to the eastward than I have in the Mediterranean; but none are sent me, and my force decreases every day. Gibraltar is in absolute distress; they have not force sufficient to convoy over their bullock-vessels. Fox has called upon Sir John Orde, who tells him he must refer to me; which he has done, and I have been forced to answer him, that I regretted the officer at the Straits' Mouth was not junior to me, when I should order him to take care of Gibraltar. But this cannot go on. I have, on January 7th, wrote home of what would happen; and I dare say Orde has a trimmer before this time. He will not be suffered to remain much longer; he will go to the Channel; he will be the richest Admiral that England ever had, and I one of the poorest. Bravo!

Here, too, is an earnest remonstrance on behalf of the deserving: one of those right-hearted appeals which have endeared him to his country, even in spite of his many moral defects:—

My Lord,—This day I am honoured with your lordship's letter of April 9th, transmitting me the resolutions of the corporation of London, thanking me as commanding the fleet blockading Toulon. I do assure your lordship that there is not a man breathing who sets a higher value upon the thanks of his fellow-citizens of London than myself; but I should feel as much ashamed to receive them for a particular service marked in the resolution, if I felt that I did not come within that line of service, as I should feel hurt at having a great vic-

tory passed over without notice. I beg to inform your lordship that the port of Toulon has never been blockaded by me—quite the reverse; every opportunity has been offered the enemy to put to sea, for it is there that we hope to realize the hopes and expectations of our country, and I trust that they will not be disappointed. Your lordship will judge of my feelings upon seeing that all the junior flag-officers of other fleets and even some of the captains, have received the thanks of the corporation of London, whilst the junior flag-officers of the Mediterranean fleet are entirely omitted. I own it has struck me very forcibly; for where the information of the junior flag-officers and captains of other fleets was obtained, the same information could have been given of the flag-officers of this fleet and the captains; and it is my duty to state, that more able and zealous flag-officers and captains do not grace the British navy, than those I have the honour and happiness to command. It likewise appears, my lord, a most extraordinary circumstance, that Sir Richard Bickerton should have been, as second in command in the Mediterranean fleets, twice passed over by the corporation of London; once after the Egyptian expedition, when the first and third in command were thanked, and now again! Conscious of high desert, instead of neglect, the Rear-Admiral resolved to let the matter rest until he could have an opportunity personally to call upon the Lord Mayor to account for such an extraordinary omission; but from this second omission, I owe it to that excellent officer not to pass it by. I do assure your lordship, that the constant, zealous, and cordial support I have had in my command, from both Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton and Rear-Admiral Campbell, has been such as calls forth all my thanks and admiration. We have shared together the constant attention of being fourteen months at sea, and are ready to share the dangers and glory of a day of battle; therefore it is impossible that I can ever allow myself to be separated in thanks from such supporters.—I have the honour to remain, with the very highest respect, your lordship's most faithful and obedient servant,

NELSON AND BRONTE.

Captain LAYMAN was tried by a court-martial for the loss of the *Raven*, iwing, as the charge was, to a great want of necessary caution on approaching land, and sentenced "to be severely reprimanded, and put at the bottom of the list of commanders." NELSON, it seems, out of pure humanity to the officer of the watch, had advised to LAYMAN to omit from his narrative some statements that NELSON considered might have the effect of hanging him. Deeming that he had been thus the cause of the severe sentence, he despatched it to the Admiralty with a strong remonstrance, and accompanied with the following generous letter to Lord MELVILLE.

My dear Lord,—I inclose some remarks made by Captain Layman whilst he was in Spain, after the very unfortunate loss of that fine sloop, which your lordship was so good as to give me the command of. Your lordship will find the remarks flow from a most intelligent and active mind, and may be useful should any expedition take place against Cadiz; and, my dear lord, give me leave to recommend Captain Layman to your kind protection; for, notwithstanding the court-martial has thought him deserving of censure for his running in with the land, yet, my lord, allow me to say, that Captain Layman's misfortune was, perhaps, conceiving that other people's abilities were equal to his own, which, indeed, very few people are. I own myself one of those who do not fear the shore, for hardly any great things are done in a small ship by a man that is; therefore, I make very great allowances for him. Indeed, his station was intended never to be from the shore in the Straits: and if he did not every day risk his sloop, he would be useless upon that station. Captain Layman has served with me in three ships, and I am well acquainted with his bravery, zeal, judgment, and activity; nor do I regret the loss of the *Raven* compared to the value of Captain Layman's services, which are a national loss. You must, my dear lord, forgive the warmth, which I express for Captain Layman; but he is in adversity, and therefore, has the more claim to my attention and regard. If I had been censured every time I have run my ship, or fleets under my command, into great danger, I should long ago have been out of the service, and never in the House of Peers. I am, my dear Lord, most faithfully, your obedient servant, NELSON AND BRONTE.

But NELSON's health was fast breaking, and we find him, at the close of the volume, already marked for death by disease, which was only anticipated by a few months, amid the glories of Trafalgar. His condition at this time, with other interesting particulars, is communicated to Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, by Dr. LAMBTON ESTE, surgeon to the *Victory*.

4th November, 1804.

On joining the *Victory*, in my first interviews with Nelson, he complained of frequent pains in his right side, from former injuries; that many warnings and inabilities made him conscious of his shattered frame, and anxious for repose. The sight of his remaining eye was fast failing him; a thick opaque membrane had grown over and into a part of the transparent cornea, and, as far as it extended, was an obstacle to vision in the only eye left to him. His thoughts, his ambition, evidently tended to the Admiralty—to the management of the naval service of his country. In his cabin with his confidential friends, he occasionally alluded to "what he would do if he were in power:" his anxiety in either alternative of retaining his command in the Mediterranean or of returning to employment at home, seemed to be, to get all his known, tried, and experienced people, around him. Addressing Dr. Scott jocosely, as he generally did, and remarking on his knowledge of Spanish and of Spanish affairs, he would exclaim, "Ah, my dear Doctor! give me knowledge practically acquired—experience! experience! and practical men!" * * Having received his instructions, and dined with the Admiral, we, shortly after dinner, took leave, and removed from the *Victory* to the *Termagant*. Here a trifling incident occurred, illustrative of the character of Nelson, and of his modes of proceeding. After the death of Mr. Lock, at Malta, I found myself in charge of the affairs, with a large outfit provided for the Levant. As soon as the message was transmitted to me in the Lazaretto at Malta, by Sir Alexander Ball, that I was to join Lord Nelson in the fleet off Toulon, I began to consider what I could do that might prove useful or gratifying to Lord Nelson, and to his associates, who, I knew, were in want of naval stores, and who had been, during many months afloat, exposed to rough usage and privations, in a tedious blockade. These consisted of two large tierces of the finest English porter, in bottles, thirty-six dozen in each; tongues, Bayonne hams, and some India pickles, &c. all of which I sent on board the *Phæbe* frigate as presents for the *Victory*. When Lord Nelson saw the packages, he exclaimed, "What's all this lumber? What the devil have you got here?" He seemed hurt at my explanation. "Only a little ammunition for the fleet, my Lord;" but directed them to be stowed away carefully; and he told old Gaetano, his Italian steward, to look well after them. Days and weeks passed away, without any of the porter or tongues or hams appearing either on the Admiral's table or in the ward-room of the *Victory*. This seemed strange; but no remark was made. Soon after we got on board the *Termagant*, a boat arrived with a letter to Captain Pettet, and one to myself, of which I give the purport, if not the exact words, from memory:—"I have tasted and reserved some of your princely and delicious presents. Had we returned together in the *Superb*, these should have afforded consolation to all on board that ship, on our homeward voyage. As our destinies are altered, I have taken the liberty of sending them to Captain Pettet, to whom they will prove highly acceptable; and before you have been long on board, I trust you will think with me that they could not have been more worthily bestowed. I have added a few bottles of fine Marsala, lately sent me by Woodhouse from Sicily, that you may have the pleasure of drinking my health in my absence, &c.

And with this we conclude.

SCIENCE.

Elective Polarity, the Universal Agent. By FRANCES BARBARA BURTON, authoress of "Astronomy Familiarized," &c. Second edition, with Introductory Address. London, 1846. Simpkin and Co.

We noticed the first edition of this pamphlet, remarkable as proceeding from the pen of a lady. The demand

for a second edition is the best evidence that the novel theory there propounded has attracted public attention.

The novel feature of this edition is the introductory address. In this the authoress complains of the needless mystery in which the science of astronomy is wrapped by its professors, proceeding, as she asserts, "from the erroneous importance attached to our superb planet, the earth, within our solar system." This is aptly illustrated as follows:—

Every one is aware of the beauty of Warwick Castle, both in an architectural and picturesque point of view, and likewise as a proud specimen of former baronial splendour; and are more or less interested in its general history, as each individual possesses a greater or less taste for antiquarian knowledge. But should an inhabitant of Warwick Castle, from over enthusiasm for its feudal grandeur, seek to impress upon others the equal importance of Warwick Castle in a commercial light, by writing an account, wherein this beautiful castle was stated, as the first germ of civilization exhibited within Great Britain—that Warwick Castle was, in fact, the first edifice ever erected therein—and that it was for the preservation of Warwick Castle that the British isles were afterwards peopled, civilized, adorned with other edifices, and finally, consolidated into the present British empire; into what a maze of perplexities and contradictions would his reader and himself get involved, in support of this alleged commercial importance of Warwick Castle! The very first obstacles presenting themselves, viz. whence came the materials for Warwick Castle (this insulated Warwick Castle), and how they got transported across the intervening uninhabited tract? pretty nearly upsetting the enthusiastic attempt. But how would our assumed author manage, when he came to that grand focal emporium of wealth, London, with regard to the alleged commercial importance of Warwick Castle? How could he represent, in intelligible terms, but in consonance with every day transactions, that superb, but somewhat lonely edifice, as the primary object of London's commercial speculations? Into what intricate mazes would not his mistaken zeal for the enforcement of Warwick Castle's paramountship in commerce involve both himself and his reader! We leave to the readers of these pages, who, we trust, like ourselves, highly, although sanely, appreciate Warwick Castle, to imagine the labyrinth of intellectual marches and countermarches, through which our author must pioneer his reader, before he convinced both him and his individual self of the paramount commercial importance of his Warwickshire Castle, towards that grand emporium of British commerce—London. An importance, however, which our Warwickshire Castle upholder would analogously conceive to be so determinate as to have originally called forth the very existence of London, for the superlative production and commercial conservation of this renowned baronial fabric.

Equally absurd is the line of argument taken by astro-nomic teachers, in referring every arrangement of creation to this earth, as if for us the universe existed. The argument of the treatise is thus stated:—

The primary proposition offered to consideration, comprehends the Unity of Design wherewith the universe is upheld in ceaseless renovation, by the immutable laws of its Creator. In support of this proposition, the treatise proceeds to shew, that this renovation is maintained by reciprocity of action among all the integral portions of the universe, according to their respective classifications,—such reciprocity of action, comprehending the interchanges among all bodies, of their respectively inherent (or elementary) properties; and these elementary interchanges, being everywhere carried on simultaneously, according to the fundamental principle of all nature's operations, Rotatory Oscillation. According to the following theory, therefore, the Unity of Design manifested in the conservation of the universe, is uninterrupted in action: such conservation being upheld by a series of elementary interchanges, constantly maintained throughout all its integral parts—the propulsion of every elementary interchange originating in antecedent ones,—each subsequent propulsion, in like manner, actuating its succeeding ones,—and all, coalescing in one and the same end,—namely, the maintenance of universal reproductiveness, through universality of elementary interchanges. In the ensuing treatise, the above elementary inter-

changes are traced to the agency of Elective Polarity, both as regards the unlimited circulation of those properties, and also in their operation upon specific integral portions. The action of Elective Polarity upon integral portions, is instanced by that of polar revolutions upon the climates and organizations of the earth's planet, and an hypothesis grounded thereon, is offered for consideration.

Hence it is argued that there is no insulated body in nature; that all are influenced by elective polarity, that is, by the attractions and repulsions of their relative magnetic polarities. From this is deduced that the fundamental principle of the laws of nature consists in *Rotatory Oscillation*; "that is, in the propellance of all bodies into courses of spiral or elliptical forms, and that this universal propulsion is determined by the relative attractive or repellant polarities, which are inherent in each class of atomic bodies."

Such is the substance of Mrs. BURTON's ingenious hypothesis. But her treatise contains very much to which we have not leisure even to allude. She strenuously upholds the Mosaic account of the creation. Altogether it is a work that will interest for its intrinsic ability, and still more as proceeding from a lady, and to its pages the reader must be referred for such further information as the curiosity, incited by the glimpses of it we have here revealed, may demand.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in the Panjab, Affghanistan, and Turkistan, to Balk, Bokhara, and Herat, &c. By MOHAN LAL, Esq. Knight of the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun, lately attached to the Mission at Kabul. London, 1846. Allen and Co.

MOHAN LAL was the son of a Persian of rank and fortune, who had attached himself to Mr. ELPHINSTONE during his mission at Delhi, and acquired a taste for English habits and literature. He was among the most energetic supporters of an innovation introduced into the Persian college at this city, having for its object the teaching of the English language; and his son, MOHAN LAL, was one of six pupils who braved the first storm of popular prejudice. Of these six youths, four, as we are informed, have since attained to distinction, MOHAN LAL being one of the successful half-dozen. The particulars of his fortunes we need not follow; suffice it that in 1831 he was appointed to the office of Persian secretary to Sir ALEXANDER BURNES, who was about to undertake his famous journey into Bokhara. He accompanied the traveller in this enterprising tour, and on his return undertook the post of agent at Cabul. When BURNES was commissioned as envoy to DOST MAHOMMED, MOHAN LAL's services were again requested and readily given. He was, therefore, witness to the events that occurred in such rapid succession at Cabul, and it was with difficulty he escaped the death that was the fate of his friends. But he was made prisoner, and tortured to extract information of money which his captors believed to be concealed by the English. When peace was restored, he came to England, where he now resides amid a large circle of friends, whom he has conciliated by his pleasing manners and intelligence.

The purpose of this volume is to present a narrative of the author's adventures from his first introduction to BURNES, and his observations of, and reflections upon, the various countries, scenery, people, and persons he has visited. He promises a distinct volume on Affghanistan, and this portion of his career is therefore very briefly touched upon here.

The value of this work consists in the opportunities enjoyed by a Mohammedan and an Oriental for procuring access to persons and places which would have been closed to a Frank, his Oriental birth and breeding

enabling him to make more accurate notes of what he saw than a stranger who is always liable to misunderstand things of whose meaning he is ignorant. Its interest lies mainly in the curiosity we feel to know what impression the civilization, arts, science, manners, and social organization of Europe, have produced upon an intelligent Eastern, to whom they must have been so entirely novel. He writes English with the facility of a native, so that it would be difficult to trace a foreign idiom; indeed, had we not known, we certainly should not have suspected that the author was not an Englishman. But in the composition he may possibly have had the aid of one of the hangers-on of literature who advertise "to prepare manuscripts for the press."

The journal of his visit to Bokhara has been already published at Calcutta, and its interest has been anticipated here by the narrative of Sir A. BURNES. We will notice only such parts of it as contain some novelty, as this description of

THE TURQUOIS MINES OF MADAN.

The people of Madan content themselves with searching among the old fragments, rather than being at the trouble or expense of making new excavations, which might reward their labour. We visited many other places, which had been dug for firozah, and at last arrived at a mine where the workmen were extracting the precious stone. The operations are very rude; many of the firozahs are broken and overlooked. Only fragments of the firozah, which in former times had been dug out by some enterprising miners, were found here, which, after being brought out of the mine by the workmen were examined, and such as seemed to contain the stone were separated and carried away on men's backs, or on mules, to a stream of water, and there washed, by being trodden upon; when, after some hours, the blue colour of the firozah was visible, and the dross or rubbish being turned over and over, all the pieces of the gem that were of value were picked out, and put into an old shoe. We did not observe any of much value; the produce altogether was insignificant, but when extracted from the rock that contains them, and polished a little, a large profit is realized on them. These mines are monopolized by the inhabitants of the village of Madan, who are jealous of strangers, and wish to keep all the produce to themselves. Their working implements being few and weak, the full value of the mines is not appreciated by them. Sometimes water flows out of the rock, and puts a stop to further progress. By the employment of gunpowder, and skilful miners from Europe, a large revenue might be derived from the Persian government; but the proprietors are afraid to spend much money in making discoveries, lest the avarice of the king or governors of Khorasan should lead them to claim a part; and whenever a valuable firozah is found, it is carried to some foreign country, for fear of its being seized; consequently, there are few good firozahs to be obtained in Mashad. The miners, also, are acquainted with the value of the stones, as their hue is so delicate, that it is affected by changes in the weather, and a gem which looks beautiful one day, loses its colour the next. When dipped in water, they assume a fine, bright, blue tinge; this method is often adopted to deceive the unwary travellers. The gems are always sold in parcels containing good and bad, and at times turn out a profitable speculation; at others, they are a loss to the purchasers. The proprietors of the mines are so jealous of foreigners, that they run away from their villages, when any one arrives who wishes to visit the place, as we experienced. The mode of cutting the firozah is very simple; it is done by means of a small wheel, which is turned by one hand while the stone is applied by the other, till sufficiently polished. It is then fixed to the end of a small piece of stick, with sealing-wax, and exposed for sale.

And this is his sketch of

THE CITY OF BALK.

This was formerly a very large and populous city, but at present nothing is to be seen except a mass of ruins and dust. Orchards are scattered in every spot; their fruits are not wholesome to strangers, who get sick by eating them. The bazar of Balk, though broad, is irregularly roofed with rafters,

hay, and mud. The shopkeepers are all Mohammedans; the Hindus reside in sarais. The shops are always shut up, except on Tuesday, when they are open, and scarcely one lamp burning in the bazar causes it to have a dismal appearance at night. Without the city of Balk is an old mud fort, called Chihal Gazi, which, people say, in the night increases in its height. I wished to stop and verify the fact, but our caravan started at the very eve. Balk is said to be the mother of cities, and to have been peopled by Noah's son. The buildings in former days extended as far as Mazar, and their roofs were so near to each other, that a goat climbed up one of the roofs in Balk, and descended next day at Mazar, whither his master followed him also. This story tends to prove that Balk was one of the largest cities in Turkistan.

The sufferings of the adventurous travellers in Turkistan were frightful, as witness—

Our dress and manner of living shewed our poverty, and we never changed clothes until they disappeared under filth and vermin. On our route to Khulum, we were sometimes obliged to sleep in dark rooms, where the beds were made of the dung of horses and sheep; and often we passed several restless nights in an open field, fearing the attack of robbers. Our breakfast was made on horseback; and it consisted of pieces of dry bread, baked six or seven days, and of a bit of meat and cheese. We drank water out of the leather bottle which hung against the saddle. Captain Burnes and Mr. Gerard used their fingers instead of knives and forks, and their hands for spoons; our towels were the sleeves of our shirts. We combed our hair with the nails of our fingers, and brushed our teeth with a piece of wood.

Here is a picture of

PRISONERS OF WAR IN PERSIA.

We set out to visit the Turkmen of Sarakhs. No one was allowed to go inside the gaol; but, as we were high guests, the door was instantly opened to us. The dungeon was so narrow and small, that the unfortunate families sat on each other. The shrieks of the little children, along with those of their parents, caused by starvation, excited the pity of all. Some of them had a few pieces of carpet, cloth, and a few balls of silk, which they bartered with the Persian soldiers for bits of bread. This traffic continued a little time through the holes in the walls of the prison. Sometimes the poor prisoners were cruelly deceived, and got nothing from the people in return for their property. The cold wind and rain pierced their naked and sickly bodies. There were dead camels and horses lying on the ground, whose rotten flesh was eaten by the hungry Turkmen; who were covered with mud, and the blood of the dead animals. It was a very dreadful scene indeed. Though the Turkmen had attacked the Persians and made them slaves, yet still they treated them well, for fear of their falling into low spirits and sickness, which would have diminished their value. Undoubtedly their punishment exceeded their crime.

He went with Dr. GERARD to Herat.

The roofs of the Charsu bazars, which form straight lines opposite to each other, are almost brought to the ground. The shops, which are open and large, present a very dark appearance. No repairs are performed in Herat till the last extremity. The houses are generally two stories high, and have very small entrances; but when you step in you have a large and clear view. The lanes are dirty and narrow, and abound in holes. The buildings are of mud, without a single rafter, with many small windows, which, instead of glass, have white paper of Russia, through which they get light when it is snowing and all the doors are shut up on account of the cold. The Arg, or the residence of the king, is one of the most solid and ancient buildings in Herat. It is fortified and surrounded by a deep ditch. It is situate within the walls of the city, on steep ground, and is constructed of burnt bricks, stones, and mortar. The bastions have no guns, but the treasure of the Shah is deposited there. The ditch is crossed by a wooden bridge, which, after sunset, is dragged up by the doorkeepers inside of the Arg wall. The palace has so little of the character of a regal residence, that the gaols in British India are much superior to the palace of Kamran, not only in architectural beauty, but even in cleanliness. The most beautiful and beneficial edifice in

Herat is the covered pond erected by Hasan Khan Shamlu. It is nearly sixty feet square, and has a few arches inside, where the people put lamps for show. The water is thirty feet deep, and looks very clear and shining. It is situate in one of the bazars of Charsu, and is always surrounded by water-bearers. The following Persian verse shews the date of its erection: "The most beautiful place of the buildings in Herat is the cistern." (925 Hijri.) Opposite to the above pond, or the Haus Charsu, stands a miserable, dark, and damp place, which is called Bandikhanah, or the prison. It has a very small door, and no windows to admit air. In the centre of the room is excavated a hole, in which the prisoners are confined at night. No air is felt there, and the heat, in conjunction with the damp and the insects, torments the poor prisoners terribly, and generally causes their death. Neither law nor time can release the criminals, but only the pleasure of the king, or the chiefs who have influence at the court.

The objects that seemed most to interest him in England were the electric telegraph, the railroad, and the court balls, and he was fortunate enough to receive invitations to the latter. A Persian's notes on these subjects will be read with curiosity, and we extract two of them.

MOHAN LAL AT THE COURT BALL.

March 5.—Mr. (now Sir Emerson) Tennant wrote a very kind note, stating that the Earl of Ripon, president of the India Board, had a high opinion of my humble services; but that as the result of my claims was pending upon the decision of the Court of Directors and his lordship, it would be advisable that I should be presented to her Majesty through some channel independent of government. It was therefore that the noble and benevolent Lord Ashley took me in his carriage, and presented me to her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. I was also invited to her Majesty's ball in Buckingham Palace. The court was very full, and the rooms exceedingly warm. All the ministers of state, the foreign ambassadors, and the nobility and gentry of England, in their different costumes, bowing and passing before her Majesty, exhibited a magnificent sight; but the rooms are not well adapted, nor sufficiently spacious. The drawing-rooms of her Majesty, where all the ladies are presented, exhibit a great profusion of beauty, of rich dresses and jewels. The royal balls are beyond any thing of the kind in the world. One who is as fortunate as myself to be invited, will see an assembly of noble ladies with charming countenances, and elegant robes covered with diamonds, joining in the dance, which, although dazzling, yet becomes brighter and more beautiful when her Majesty and her royal consort Prince Albert take part in the dance. In so large a company the Queen appeared to me the most graceful in the dance, smiling and looking now and then graciously towards her royal husband. I kept my humble eyes unweariedly fixed upon her Majesty and the Prince while they were dancing; and I read with inexpressible delight in their countenances that they have a deep attachment to each other.—I submitted to the Court of Directors a memorial of my services while employed by the supreme government of India, in Central Asia, and in various diplomatic missions and capacities. The chairman and court, in conjunction with the president of the Board of Control, took an impartial view of my statement, and granted me a reward for my services. The chairman added, that as I was yet a young person, I should have many other opportunities of establishing further claims by good services to the honourable company; and when I get old, or retire, the government would take all my services into reconsideration, and reward me accordingly. All the authorities at the India House and the Board of Control, after a full consideration of my case, treated me with marked kindness, and admitted me to an interview whenever I desired it. For these favours I beg to tender my humble and grateful thanks to these high authorities. Mr. George Clerk honoured me with his visit; and as he knew my services, he stated that "I fully deserved the reward government gave me."

MOHUN LAL ON THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

I was then conducted to a small room in the galvanic telegraph office. It is a most wonderful thing, and no description can convey a proper idea of its extraordinary effect. I am, in fact, lost in wonder, and perplexed how to detail its forma-

tion. The only thing I can say, and it will astonish every one, is this: that Portsmouth is about one hundred miles from London; I asked the gentleman of the office to get for me information from London what kind of weather it was there, or whether the Indian mail had arrived. By moving the needle gradually over the different letters, which appeared exactly like a clock, the question was made on my part, and the answer returned in the same manner, and all this was completed in the course of five seconds.

And we conclude with his commentary on English society generally.

THE PERSIAN ON ENGLAND.

The manners, customs, life, and modes of society in England are of an elegant and refined style. No country takes such pains in cultivating knowledge, and no parents are so desirous of rendering their children accomplished, by expense and anxious care, as those of Britain. They ask and find out from a son his taste and wish, and educate him to meet the duties of the profession he chooses, whether in civil life, in the law, navy, army, or whatever it may be; and then, using their best influence, will have him launched into the world. They never expect his support themselves; the only thing wanted afterwards from the son is, that he should prosper. The girls are brought up under the careful eyes of their mother; and when they are accomplished in languages and manners, the parents spare no expense or fatigue to introduce them into society, where they have a difficult office to perform. The young lady must have agreeable manners, and be able to sing, dance, and read, write, and speak French, if not other foreign languages. The parents give parties, and invite all their fashionable acquaintance, and feel proud if their daughter wins the heart of a respectable person. But, alas! these accomplishments, added to miracles of beauty, are considered matters of secondary value; the lady must have money for her husband, or have a prospect that he will have it when the parents die! In all the Asiatic countries, if a woman remains unmarried after her proper age, she is looked upon and respected as a saint; and this is very rare, too; but England will astonish Asiatics by producing thousands of saints, or unmarried ladies of mature age, bearing the name of "Miss," and wearing the dress and ornaments of a young lady of fifteen years of age. When I first arrived in England, I felt myself in an awkward position, when addressing an old lady by the name of "Miss," and using the same word to a younger one, who looked like the grand-daughter of the older lady. When people talk of marriage, the first question is, "Has she money?" A gentleman will dance with and flatter many ladies in parties; but he will prefer and marry the one who has or will have most money, even though she be ugly and not accomplished. In this case, the lady is sensible that she has no charms but those of her bank-notes; and yet the rule of society keeps all these things buried in the hearts of the newly-married, and their style of addressing and of writing to each other will be just as if mutual love had wrought upon each other's mind. Age, also, is not considered a matter of consequence, if he or she be rich. Yet there are many instances of true affection, and of happy marriages.

FICTION.

The Library of Foreign Romance. Edited by J. C. JAMES, Esq. Parts I. and II. London, 1846. Bruce and Wylde.

It has been long a matter of surprise to us that the plan of this periodical has not been before adopted. France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, are continually sending forth fictions of great interest, as the Journals of Foreign Literature in *THE CRITIC* will abundantly testify: there is a growing taste for them in this country, as proved by the success that has attended the publication of isolated translations at high prices. We should imagine that no doubt could exist that an uniform series of translations of the best foreign fictions, as they appear, published in a neat form, and at a moderate price, will command a very extensive circulation. Therefore do we congratulate Messrs. BRUCE and WYLD on being the first to take possession of this extensive and profitable field of enterprise.

But anxious for their success, we take the liberty, in all

friendliness, to submit to them some suggestions for the improvement of their design. The price is too great, relatively, not absolutely. Their own *Novel Newspaper* has produced a fashion for cheap fictions. Sixpence a week is more than ordinary readers will pay for a fragment of a novel. They should produce it in 8vo. double columns, type similar to that of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and sell at a penny, or, at the utmost, twopence per sheet, bringing out, if they please, two numbers per week. The increase of sale would certainly compensate for the low price. But the printing should be neat, and the paper rather better than that of the present enterprise.

Good judgment has guided the editor in the choice of his first work. "The Three Musketeers" is one of the liveliest and most interesting of ALEXANDER DUMAS's clever novels. It will tempt many to desire further acquaintance with the works of so lively and agreeably a writer. When it is completed, we may have something more to say on the merits of the novel itself; at present, our single object is to introduce the excellent design of the *Library of Foreign Romance* to the notice of our readers.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Lays of the Sea, and other Poems. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THESE poems are the productions of a lady; they are respectably written, although we cannot class them among the sublime works of the poet. Their chief failing is a want of careful revision. Occasionally there is a strain of melancholy running through the poems before us, in consonance with sad and lonely emotions, but such is a characteristic of female poets. We are inclined to believe this the result of imaginary evils, which impress themselves easily on the flexible feelings of woman. We rarely take such to be the evidence of actual sorrows and misfortunes. The fancy of woman being extremely active, and her life comparatively secluded, we can easily account for the want of cheerfulness which is oftentimes discovered in her muse.

On the whole, we are pleased with the poems under notice. If they are frequently light, they have the advantage of not being starched with pedantic lore. They are the spontaneous emotions of a heart which utters poetry in the most natural way. There is no attempt to deck a thought in the pompous dress of harsh, unpronounceable words, as a sheriff's officer is decked in the gaudy tinsel of authority. What is written is written without pretence.

Gallantry will not overcome our sense of justice so much as to class our author among the choice spirits who claim a direct descent from Apollo. She has not, in the present volume, unfolded the highest order of thought, but the thoughts she has unveiled to us are those of a mind imbued with a large share of sensibility. The poet dwells with the past. "I write the songs of other days," she exclaims, but those days are not the indistinct and shadowy ones that ever run before existence. In consequence of this, the *Lays of the Sea*, and the other poems of the volume do not shew the brilliancies of imagination, and have nothing of creative attribute." We do not find fault with this deficiency, because the design of the author was only to conjure back certain scenes which of old were a portion of her identity. She has done this meritoriously, and we close this notice with some simple and creditable stanzas which are a fair sample of the author's style.

PRAYER.

Pray, for the purple evening throws
Her shade on ocean's breast,
Her crimson on the forest boughs,
Her gold upon the west;
The first faint planet mildly gems
The brow of coming night;
Bright as the star on Bethlehem's plain
That cheered the shepherd's sight.

Pray for the cherished ones at home,

The old man's silvery head,

That mercies on his closing day

A thousand-fold be shed;

And for the beautiful, the young,

Oh! pray that strength be given,

Amid the entwining joys of life,

To raise the heart to heaven!

Pray when home faces circle round,

In happy household glee,

For the stranger's heart, like Noah's dove

That finds no rest with thee;

And when you raise in grateful joy

The thankful heart to God,

Pray for the anguished hearts that droop

Beneath his chastening rod!

The Maid of Orleans, and William Tell. Dramas from the German of Schiller. London: Burns.

THESE translations are important additions to the "Fireside Library." Mr. Burns deserves the thanks of all readers for the spirit with which he sends forth reprints and translations of popular and instructive works.

It would, at this time, be unnecessary to review two such dramas as *William Tell*, and *Joan of Arc*. The latter drama was written in the zenith of SCHILLER'S power, and we take it as no weak authority when CARLISLE observes, that, "after all objections have been urged, *The Maid of Orleans* will remain one of the finest modern dramas. Perhaps, among all SCHILLER'S plays, it is one which evinces most of that quality denominated *genius*."

The critical objections, chiefly historical, which have been urged against *The Maid of Orleans* from the moment of its appearance, we need not now reiterate, because the drama will still be read for its intrinsic beauties. While the historian condemns, the public will applaud. SCHILLER has a claim upon the English reader, since he took SHAKESPEARE for his model, although his philosophy was detrimental to that simple grandeur which adorned the English bard.

SCHILLER had a keen insight into individual character, as the dramas before us fully testify; and wanting this power a dramatist is always undefined. If we remember correctly, it was GOETHE who said, "It is with SCHILLER'S pieces as with the choicest wines; the older they are the higher does their flavour become." Were we to write a folio of panegyric we could not more strongly recommend Mr. Burns's "Fireside Library." We have before spoken of the typography and the cheapness of the volumes. *Joan of Arc*, and *William Tell* are great additions, and they are sufficiently famous to recommend themselves to public notice.

EDUCATION.

Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern, &c. &c. By ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER. A New Edition, edited by the Rev. BRANDON TURNER, M.A. London, 1846. Scott.

TYTLER'S "Elements of History" is too well known as a class-book for schools, and a reading-book in families, to need description or recommendation. But this new edition calls for a short notice, because it has been considerably enlarged and improved by Mr. TURNER. With great care and judgment, and fully entering into the design of the author, he has amplified some parts that were rather too curt, thus adding some eleven new sections to the divisions of Ancient History, including an outline of Jewish History, to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, which, strange to say, had been entirely omitted by Mr. TYTLER. Pursuing the same course, he has enlarged the whole work by about one-third, and to this he has added a continuation, bringing down the history from the revolution in England, where it ended, to the present time, a further increase of no less than 131 pages.

In performing this necessary duty, the editor has admirably

preserved the familiar and singularly intelligible manner of his author, so that the many claims of the original work to the attention of teachers have been immensely increased by the labours of Mr. TURNER.

RELIGION.

A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion. By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury, Mass. London, 1846. Chapman and Co.

THIS volume contains the substance of a series of five lectures delivered in Boston, United States. They are distinguished for their thoughtfulness. Seldom have we read a book so purely reflective, so sober, yet so earnest. At times the discourse rises to eloquence; never is it tame and flat; it never loses its hold upon the reader's attention. It is fearless in its tone, tolerant in its views, and, although we broadly dissent from many of its propositions, we readily admit, honest in its intents. No one can read it without finding his views enlarged and his reverence for religion increased. The first book treats of the religious sentiment and its manifestation; the second, of its relation to God; the third, of its relation to our Saviour; the fourth, of its relation to the Bible; and the fifth and last, of its relation to the Church. The author has a leaning towards the theology of the Unitarians, but, nevertheless, certain it is that the greater portion of his lectures will equally please and instruct readers of all sects and creeds, in proof of which take the following eloquent argument in support of the doctrine of the existence in man of

THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT.

Again, we feel conscious of this element within us. We are not sufficient for ourselves; not self-originated; nor self-sustained. A few years ago, and we were not; a few years hence, and our bodies shall not be. A mystery is gathered about our little life. We have but small control over things around us; are limited and hemmed in on all sides. Our schemes fail. Our plans miscarry. One after another our lights go out. Our realities prove dreams. Our hopes waste away. We are not where we would be, nor what we would be. After much experience, men powerful as Napoleon, victorious as Caesar, confess, what simpler men knew by instinct long before, that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. We find our circumference very near the centre, every where. An exceedingly short radius measures all our strength. We can know little of material things; nothing but their phenomena. As the circle of our knowledge widens its ring, we feel our ignorance on more numerous points, and the Unknown seems greater than before. At the end of a tedious life, we confess, with a great man of modern times, that we have wandered on the shore, and gathered here a bright pebble, and there a shining shell—but the ocean of Truth, boundless and unfathomed, lies before us, and all unknown. The wisest ancient knew only this, that he knew nothing. We feel an irresistible tendency to refer all outward things, and ourselves with them, to a power beyond us, sublime and mysterious, which we cannot measure, nor even comprehend. We are filled with reverence at the thought of this power. Outward matters give us the occasion which awakens consciousness, and spontaneous nature leads us to something higher than ourselves, and greater than all the eyes behold. We are bowed down at the thought. Thus the sentiment of something superhuman comes natural as breath. This primitive, spiritual sensation comes over the soul, when a sudden calamity throws us from our habitual state; when joy fills our cup to its brim, at "a wedding or a funeral, a mourning or a festival;" when we stand beside a great work of nature—a mountain, a waterfall; when the twilight gloom of a primitive forest sends awe into the heart; when we sit alone with ourselves, and turn in the eye, and ask, "What am I? Whence came I? Whither shall I go?" There is no man who has not felt this sensation, this mysterious sentiment of something unbounded. Still further, we arrive at the same result from a philosophical analysis of man's nature. We set aside the body with its senses as the man's house, having doors and windows; we examine the understanding, which is his hand-

maid; we separate the affections, which unite soul with soul; we discover the moral sense, by which the man can discern between right and wrong, as by the body's eye between black and white, or night and day; and behind all these, and deeper down, beneath all the shifting phenomena of life, we discover the religious sentiment of man. Looking carefully at this sentiment; separating this as a cause from its actions, and these from their effects; stripping the faculty of all accidental circumstances peculiar to the age, nation, sect, or individual, and pursuing a sharp and final analysis till the subject and predicate can no longer be separated; we find as the ultimate fact, that the religious sentiment is this: a sense of dependence. This sentiment does not, itself, disclose the character, and still less the nature and essence of the object on which it depends; no more than the senses disclose the nature of their objects; no more than the eye or ear discovers the essence of light or sound. Like them it acts spontaneously and unconsciously, soon as the outward occasion offers, with no effort of will, forethought, or making up the mind.

Thus, then, it appears that induction from notorious facts, consciousness spontaneously active, and a philosophical analysis of man's nature, all lead equally to some religious sentiment or principle as an essential part of man's constitution. Now when it is stated thus nakedly and abstractedly, that man has in his nature a permanent religious element, it is not easy to see on what grounds this primary quality can be denied by any thinking man, who will notice the religious phenomena in history, trust his own consciousness, or examine and analyse the combined elements of his own being. It is true, men do not often say to themselves, "Go to now. Lo, I have a religious sentiment in the bottom of my heart." But neither do they often say, "Behold, I have hands and feet, and am the same being that I was last night or forty years ago." In a natural and healthy state of mind, men rarely speak or think of what is felt unconsciously to be most true, and the basis of all spiritual action. It is, indeed, most abundantly established, that there is a religious element in man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Narrative of Mokrena Mieczyslawska, Abbess of the Basilian Convent at Minsk, &c. written from her dictation. By the Rev. MAXIMILIAN RYLLO, and others. London: Bogue.

THE Emperor of Russia has denied the truth of this story, and asserts that there never was such a convent at Minsk; but here we have the narrative of the abbess, taken from her own mouth, at the command of the Pope, and published by his authority. It is substantially the same as that which has already appeared in all the newspapers, and which, in our columns, was taken from "Western Europe." We will not, therefore, repeat it. Enough to observe that a translation has been published in a neat form, and at a moderate price, and no doubt will be extensively circulated.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Wallachische Mährchen, hetrens gegeben von ARTHUR und ALBERT SCHOTT. Mit einer einleitung über das Volk der Wallachen, und einem Anhang zur Erklärung der Mährchen.

Wallachian Legends. Edited by ARTHUR and ALBERT SCHOTT. With an Essay on the Wallachian People, and Notes illustrative of the Legends.

HERR ARTHUR SCHOTT spent many years among the people above named, and collected orally the charming legends before us—charming to all readers, and of singular interest to the searchers after antique beauty. His brother, Professor SCHOTT, chiefly known for his work upon Monte Roa, has prefaced the collection with a valuable and learned commentary.

Without entering deeply into the historical introduction, we may simply remark that the Wallachians speak a Latin dialect, and are in fact the genuine reliques of the Roman people, having passed successively under the yoke of Hungary, Sclavonia, Germany, and Turkey.

From their political dependence and deficiency of cultivation, their language has naturally received but little development in literature; and it is but lately that it has been at all systematically exercised, namely, in three publications—"Die Siebenburger," "Der Moldav," and "Wallachie." The antiquity of this language evidences itself in their legends; many, indeed most of them, are referable to the myths of the ancients. Sunken deeper almost than any other people of the same race, they have preserved in their customs all the charms without the harshness of genuine Romans. Among the Latin nations especially misfortune develops the unmasculine characteristics of the people; while in prosperity the manly side becomes more predominant. Thus it is that the present Italians, mellowed by the hand of fate, give greater evidence of morbid sensibility and poetical tenderness than any other European nation, in strange contrast to the masculine hardness and rough virtue of their classic forefathers. Thus it was that the oppressed French, before 1789, were widely different to the untamed *Sansculottes*. So it is that in Spain the softest rose bears with it the sharpest thorn. But with the Wallachians, who for centuries have been alternately the slaves of four nations, this extreme gentleness exceeds by far any thing that Italy can offer to our examination.

Concerning the *Mährchen* themselves, Prof. SCHOTT gives us a few words, which we must perforce communicate to our poetry-loving readers:—

As regards the origin of the legend, opinions are still very much divided. Supported by such manifest disregard of all rule, and the apparent fragmentary nature of many legends, some are of opinion that they are the children of an unbridled imagination, formed with no more principle than our nightly dreams. There is but one objection to this view, namely, that it does not account for the invariable and beautiful consistency, as a whole (far more lovely than any so-called artistic poem can offer), which these legends never fail to present. It may certainly happen, in the progress of time, that a beautiful whole may, by innumerable accidents, lose its perfectibility, and present an unfinished inconsistent mass to the eye of the beholder; but no after-touches or attempt at improvement have ever been successful in remodelling the broken fragments. Unfortunately the origin of things is too manifest in themselves for this to be attainable. For this reason some other and more satisfactory point of view must be found. Judging from the internal evidence of so many legends, and their remarkable uniformity among people utterly distinct, the Brothers Grimm have long since declared their opinion that these legends "are reliques of old, extinct creeds or mythes, manifesting themselves in this form to the minds of the populace." Proofs are to be met with in the many tales, at one time related as sayings of the gods, which are now to be found among the most common and popular fables.

These remarks are of course as applicable to the *Legends of Wallachia* as to those of any other nation. One fact remarkable, and at the same time highly illustrative, of the character of the people is, that those myths, relating chiefly to departed grandeur, to the remembrance of extinct beauty, and the anticipations of hope, have the deepest hold in their hearts and memories. While the Norman sages depict almost uniformly scenes of war, vengeance, and destruction, while the nation vented its life in deeds of physical strength, the Wallachian sages, on the contrary, gentle as themselves, paint the intensity of sufferings which are only softened by the hopes of relief. This is clearly attributable to the fate of the nation. Many myths were at hand, but they naturally selected those with which their own feelings most sympathised, and retained them in the form of legends.

To this we ascribe a favourite subject of these tales, that in which a beautiful child, of royal birth, is oppressed, imprisoned, changed, persecuted, &c. in short, suffers the greatest misery, until the almost despaired-of deliverer appears. Almost all these, however, are refer-

table" to the ancient myth of Proserpine. We now regard Proserpine, carried to the infernal regions by Pluto, as the symbol of vegetation, which in winter disappears, while the seeds are preserved in the bosom of the earth, and in spring come forth again.

If we, in our warm delightful rooms, look forth through the winter-life of the city, with delight to the spring sun, the trees and flowers, how much more reason had our forefathers to do so! Under a northern sky, in narrow snow-bound dwellings, it was but natural that they should regard the sun as himself supernatural; and hail every step of his progress as doubly glorious. Then it was that every legend related to the summer and its bride, the young flowering earth. Almost all the legends we have here may be ranked among one class or the other.

Another favourite subject is, the misfortunes of a young princess. That of the Empress Wundersohn, represents her first, the prey of a murderous dragon; secondly, lost in a forest, and finally, immured; thirdly, as a swineherd; fourthly, as guarding her flock of geese; fifthly, as ill-treated by her mother, and concealed by the dwarfs (that is to say, in the subterranean world); sixthly, again ill-used by her mother; seventhly, enchanted, with the whole court. Invariably, however, the youthful heroic deliverer (the Spring Sun) comes to her aid.

The beautiful myth of Psyche, in itself but a repetition of Proserpine, carrying the sentiment from the physical into the mental world, is to be found also in many of these tales, sometimes, too, conjointly, as in our Aschenbrödel.

There is another of much natural beauty among the first of these. The hero and deliverer becomes at length so courageous as to break a door, behind which he believes death stands to meet him; instead of death he beholds a lovely maiden, the unexpected reward of his devotion. There are others of this kind, which we may style nature-myths, but simpler in their form. When the king's daughter is immured, it is to be understood as the burial of the seed beneath the ground in winter; when she is confined in a glass coffin, the glass signifies the winter ice; when she is locked up in a swine-stall, it is because the swine or boar is the universal symbol of winter; when she watches her geese, it must be remembered that geese are the symbols of autumn; when she is turned to stone, it signifies the winter frost. In the eighth tale, two noble children are murdered, and from their graves grow two trees with golden apples. A sheep that eats of the apples brings forth two golden lambs, and from the lambs the children again appear. For the full understanding of this remarkable legend it is necessary to state, that in two golden children, the two luminaries, sun and moon, are always understood, which are supposed every new year to be born again; that the apple signifies the autumn, and that the lamb represents the spring.

Instead of the unfortunate princess, a prince is often the subject of the legend, only with this difference, that the prince generally contrives to free himself from his troubles by means either of courage or cunning. By this, is to be understood the sun, weakened and seemingly imprisoned, behind the winter storms. Sometimes, also, it would seem to embody the principle of the living germ as the Proserpine. In the eighteenth *Mährchen* it would, perhaps, signify the universal life of nature.

A peasant delivers over his son thrice to the devil, each time for a year, under the condition that he may have him again when he recognises him. The son twice procures his father much money by changing himself into beautiful animals, which are sold at a high price; at first he is an ox, then a horse. The second time, however, the father is befooled by the devil, the purchaser, and thus the son must remain for ever a horse. At last, however, he drinks of a brook, and is

changed into a fish, and, as the devil still follows him, he takes the form of a ring and springs on the finger of a princess; but, as she takes him off, he changes into a grain of corn, which the devil, who has assumed the form of a hen, carelessly swallows; once within, he kills the hen, and thereupon marries the princess.

This saga bears much similarity to the Welsh story of Gwidion, more, though, with the Greek tale of Mestra, who supported her starving father by changing herself into beautiful animals. A very characteristic saga is that of Bakala, of which much that is related closely resembles the deeds of Thor, but, in our opinion, reminds the reader more strongly of Bacchus, who, probably, was the original Bakala. Among the most beautiful in the whole collection is the

SAGA OF FLORIANN.

A mighty king shut up his daughter from her tenderest youth in an inaccessible castle. When she was sixteen years' of age, and gathered flowers before the castle, a gipsy came and offered her some strange beautiful flowers, the like of which she had never seen before. She took them and set them in water: the water became deep red, and silver stars floated about in it; and it looked so delicious that the princess, after dissolving the flowers altogether in the water, drank it off; and she became pregnant. When the king heard of it he ordered the castle to be burnt down, and the ground made level, and his daughter to be shut up in a vessel and thrown into the sea. While thus shut up the princess gave birth to a son, named Floriann, because he came from flowers, and The Strong, because, from his birth upward, he was of giant strength. Scarcely was he born, but he began to speak comfort to his mother, and broke the vessel, and making a little boat of it, brought her to the shore. They came to a castle, which Floriann entered, and found in a hall a number of dragons, chained and hungry. They warned him of a huge dragon, that shortly afterwards appeared; but Floriann overcame it, and chained it with the others. From this time mother and son dwelt in the castle. Floriann went daily to the chase. One day, when he was absent, and his mother was wandering through the numerous halls of the castle, she suddenly beheld, in the place of the huge dragon, a wonderfully beautiful youth, chained to the pillar; she fell instantly in love with him, and, for that reason, said nothing of him to her son. When Floriann went again to hunt, she took courage, went into the dragon hall, freed the youth from his chains, and led him away to her own room. But the handsome youth was a bad demon, and only deceived her to make her get her son, who never would suffer him, quite out of the way. By command of the demon, the princess pretended to be ill, and demanded of her son, for medicine, the brow of a wild bull. Forth he went to the forest, and brought back a live bull, that she might take the forehead warm from the animal. Again she sent him to fetch bear's flesh, to make a soup. But he overcame all the wild beasts; and the hope of the demon that he would perish in the chase was without ground. Then his mother sent him to the top of the Black Mountain, to fetch the water of life. He went, and found in a lake beautiful nymphs bathing, who shewed him the way, after warning him in vain from the attempt. Now when he had gained the top of the Black Mountain, and was about to draw the water of life, the winds seized upon him, and tore him into a thousand pieces. But his heart fell into the lake where the nymphs lived, just when the moon was shining, and the nymphs playing in the moonlight, discovered it, and brought it to their queen; she commanded them to look for the rest of his body, and when it was found, she put it all together again, and by means of the water of life, made it breathe once more. Then she told him how he was betrayed, and how his mother gave all her love to the dragon, and took it away from him. But he went again to her with the water of life, as he had promised. The dragon now bethought him of his last resource, namely, that Floriann should shoot at a beautiful bird, and, while busy therewith, he would fall on him from behind. But Floriann was on his guard, turned quickly round, seized the dragon, tore out his false tongue, and bound him once more to the pillar; and the tongue he gave to the fifty-nine hungry dragons to devour; and thereupon he took leave of his unnatural mother, and went away.

We seem here to have, from the mouth of the people, a fable of which the ancients give us only a faint glimmering. According to OVID (*fasti* v. 255), Juno, by merely touching a flower, became pregnant, and gave birth to the God of War—Mars. Mars, however, is originally the deity of the sun, or rather, the sun in its power over night and winter, on which account the month of March, in which is the Spring equinox, the advancement of the sun, and the lengthening of days, is named after him. According to a symbol frequently made use of, the strong castle in which the princess is shut up, betokens January, the cold winter (Danæ in the tower of ice, Andromæda chained to the rock, Proserpine in the infernal regions, &c.) The sea, on which swims the child, the young sun, signifies the moist February; the breaking of the vessel and the birth follow in March. These significations constantly return in all myths of the sun-god. The chained dragon is the winter, bound by the summer. The faithless mother herself is the year, who bears the sun, but gives herself up to the winter, and probably the fifty dragons, by a slight corruption of number, would mean the weeks of the year. The destruction by the winds signifies the autumn, when vegetation is disturbed by storms, plants and flowers fall dead, from the weakness of the sun. In the same way Osiris, Dionysis, Zagreuz were torn to pieces. The heart signifies the germ of life in nature, which dies not in the midst of winter. The deeds of Floriann bear some resemblance to those of Hercules, whose twelve labours are, however, but significations of the twelve months of the year.

With the thirty-seventh fable of the milky way, an old Egyptian legend closely harmonizes. We are told here, that Venus stole straw from St. Peter, and in the hurry of flight dropped half of it. The fallen straw now forms the milky way. The Egyptian saga says, that the wicked Typhon followed Isis in the harvest until, in anger, she flung a full sheaf into his face, and the fallen ears we now behold in the milky-way.

In the additions we find many valuable notices of customs and superstitions, furnishing much that is new and strange. Of the superstition of the vampire much is already known, likewise that it brings misfortune to meet with old hags, &c., on any important mission. Space does not permit us to enter further into the interesting materials here offered to perusal. We must terminate, therefore, with recommending it to all friends of popular legends, as a delightful source of amusement, of character similar to the admirable collection by the Brothers GRIMM; and to the learned who are interested in the associations of myths and saga, as a fund of authentic information, of which they cannot make too much use.

Among other works lately published on popular tales and legends, we must call attention to the completion of one which we noticed about a year since, as promising much, entitled "*Mährchensaal Märchen aller Völker für Jung und Alt gesammelt, übersetzt und herausgegeben von Dr. H. Kletke. Berlin.*" "*Tales from all nations for young and old, &c.*" It contains a very treasure of excellent legends and fables. Assuredly these few volumes can but contain a small portion of the incalculable whole which the fables of all nations would offer, but they form an admirable selection, which in fact is the only attainable object; and that, adapted to the tastes and fancies of all ages. The first volume embraces Roman legends from Italy and France: unfortunately, among the almost innumerable legends of Spain, hardly any can be selected as strictly national. The Italian legends are taken from the admirable *Pentameron* of Basile, and the collection of STRAPPAROLA. The contents of the first are to be found in the third volume of the Grimm *Hans und Kindermärchen*. From the collection of STRAPPAROLA a selection has already been made by SCHMIDT in the year 1817. But there undoubtedly remains a considerable number of popular

tales, yet scattered among the people of Italy, which would amply repay the trouble and labour of collection. The legends of the *oreo* and the *befana* have already, though perhaps too superficially, been treated of by HERR VON MARTEUS, in his valuable work upon Italy.

The French legends here given are mostly taken from the celebrated "*Contes de ma Mère Dye*," of PERGAULT. Among them we find those of "Ritter Blaubert, Roth-käppchen, and Danmling," so much admired in Germany. To these are added many from the collection of the Countess D'ANNOI. Inasmuch as this lady lived long in Spain, and is the author of two admirable works on that country, one would have supposed she might have embraced some Spanish elements in her tales. Her chief tale is "*Aschenbrödel*," one that has, more or less, been spread abroad among all nations, and is to be found in India and classic Greece, if we may, as seems right, compare with it the sufferings of PSYCHE in Apuleius, &c. with its twin-tale *Aschenbrödel*. Some few from the *Cabinet des Fees* have been added to those referred to above.

The second part includes the northern European legends of Hungary, Slavonia, England, Scandinavia, and Germany. Here, in one small volume, we have compressed a fund of instruction and entertainment, and it will readily be believed that more than one volume could easily be filled with mere selections of the best of these innumerable tales. HERR KELETKE has been judicious enough, remembering that all the chief German fables have already been made public in the admirable collection of GRIMM, to give but comparatively few of them. The beautiful Hungarian "*Mährchen*," are borrowed from the collection of GRAF MAYLATHS and VON SAAJ. The Russian tales are for the most part taken from the voluminous work of DIETRICK (1831); and the Polish from the equally well-stored collection of WOYCICKI. Of English we have but very few. The Danish are from ANDERSEN; the Swedish from ARNDT. Of Sweden and Norway we imagine more specimens might have been brought forward. Some Wendian tales are from the beautiful works of HANPT and SCHMALER.

The third volume embraces the legends of the East. The first are "Mongolian," from BERGMAN's "*Wanderings in the Nomad Regions*." To these follow "*Indian Tales*," from the collection of SOMADEVA, one Malay and several Jewish legends. These are succeeded by some from the "*Thousand and One Nights*," and other well-known sources. However admirable these latter may be in every point of view, it appears to us that the same feeling which restricted the repetition of German tales would have been very applicable here; and instead of devoting so much space to the story of "*Sindbad the Sailor*," and "*Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp*," it would have been better bestowed upon many beautiful tales almost unknown to the general public; whereas there is no collection of tales for the young where these may not be found. The whole is brought to a close by some of the most charming American and African legends.

Of the American, we will give our readers one little specimen, with which we ourselves were much pleased.

An old man sat alone in his hut, on the banks of a frozen stream. The end of the winter was near, and his fire was almost burnt out. The old man seemed very aged and very lonely. His locks were white with the number of his days, and every limb trembled. One day followed after another in all its dreariness, and he beheld nothing but the howling of the storm, and the falling of the new snow. One day, as his fire was almost spent, there came towards him a beautiful youth, and the youth entered the hut. His cheeks were red with the bloom of youth, his eyes beamed with the light of strength, and round his lips there played the most lovely smiles. His pace was rapid and graceful. Around his brow

was bound a crown of sweet smelling grass, not the helmet of the warrior, and in his hand he bore the fairest flowers. "Oh, my son," exclaimed the old man, "my heart is warm at sight of thee! Step in, step in, and tell me of thy adventures, tell me what strange lands thou hast beheld. Let us remain together this night; and I, too, will tell you of my glory and power, of my wonderful deeds, and all that I have performed; thou shalt do the same, and the night will pass quickly away." Then he drew forth from his bag a fine carved old pipe, filled it with tobacco, which he softened by means of certain leaves mixed with it, and handed it to his guest. While they smoked they began to talk. "I breathe," said the old man, "and the streams stand still. The waters become firm and hard as a transparent stone." "I breathe," returned the youth, "and flowers spring up in the valleys." "I shake my locks," continued the aged one, "and snow covers the land. At my command the leaves fall from the trees, and my breath drives them far away. The birds arise and take wing and seek other lands. The beasts of the forest conceal themselves at sight of me, and the ground grows hard as a flint." "I shake my light locks," answered the young man, "and warm gentle showers refresh the earth. The plants raise their heads above the surface of the ground, like the eyes of young children when they dance for joy. My voice calls back the beautiful birds. The warmth of my breath unchains the waters; wherever I wander, sweet music fills the forests, and all nature rejoices." Then the sun arose, and a gentle heat spread over the whole region, and the old man became dumb. The redbreast and the blue-bird raised their song above the roof of the hut. Before the door the stream began to murmur, and the sweet scent of the growing herbs was borne onward by the spring breeze. As the light of day advanced the young man suddenly perceived who had been his host; for while he gazed on him he beheld the icy face of Peboan (winter) before him, and the waters rushed from his eyes. The higher the sun rose, smaller and smaller became the old man—soon he had quite disappeared. In the place of his hut there remained nothing; nothing but the wiskodid, a little white flower with a pale red border, the first flower of the north.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The Raven, and other Poems. By EDGAR A. POE.
New York: Wiley and Putnam.

IN an early number of THE CRITIC we presented to our readers a very remarkable poem, entitled *The Raven*, which had been sent to us from America. It was its first appearance in England, and it attracted a great deal of notice, and went the round of the provincial papers. Mr. POE, the author, has now published it in a volume, as the foremost of a collection of poems written by him for divers periodicals, and which his friends have deemed worthy of being rescued from the rapid oblivion of the journals.

Mr. POE is intensely American; but, unfortunately, we cannot employ this term in the same sense in which we use the words "German," "English," "French," and so forth, as applied to literature. These latter mean a certain individuality of thought as well as of language; but when we speak of a literature or a style as American, we mean a strain of thought, utterly without nationality, and a style peculiarly its own. It is the fault of all the authors America has produced, with the exception of BRYANT, that, for aught in their subjects or the manner of treating them, they might have been born and brought up in any part of the world. Their country does not colour their thoughts or mould their imagery; they are essentially imitative; they echo the ideas wafted to them from England, and with the feebleness of echos. The characteristic of American literature is, the absence of a character.

But we beg pardon—we must modify this assertion. The style is peculiar; it is marked by diffuseness, as if words were thoughts, and consequent feebleness. To weave smooth sentences and rounded periods appears to be the aim, as if they were ignorant of the force fre-

quently obtained by the introduction of discords. It must, however, be conceded to them, that they have a musical ear, and that we seldom find in American poetry the sins against metre and rhyme so constantly offending in the works even of those of our own poets who may claim a respectable position. Mr. POE has not escaped the error of his countrymen. The poems before us are all marked by the peculiarities we have noticed. He is, as we gather from the indications afforded by the subjects selected and the manner of treating them, a young man, we suspect a very young man. If so, there is good stuff in him. He has the foundation of the poet, and industry and experience may raise a structure that will be an honour to his own country, and the admiration of ours. But to accomplish this, he must work hard, and aim at excellence; he must look at what he has done as only dim intimations of what he is to do—at the lowest steps of the ladder, he must climb before he will be admitted into the temple of fame. He must write much, and blot much, and burn much—without remorse or hesitation; and from this time forth resolve to give to the world only the best productions of his brain; and for these to rely upon the approval of a judicious friend, rather than upon his own judgment; the parent of a poem, like the father of a child, being apt to love best his most rickety bantling.

That Mr. POE has something in him, but that he wants pruning and training, will be apparent from the singular poem of *The Raven*, for which the reader is referred to the first volume of THE CRITIC, as from the following, which are among the most favourable specimens of his genius contained in the collection before us.

First, for a poem that reminds us forcibly of TENNYSON.

THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sun-light lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless—
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah! by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah! by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye;
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave;
They wave:—from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dews come down in drops.
They weep:—from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

Undoubtedly there is poetry in this. And the next is after the manner of COLERIDGE. Although we must acknowledge its beauty, it will be observed that it illustrates the remarks previously made as to the imitative character of American literature.

THE SLEEPER.

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave,
The lily lolls upon the wave,

Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world awake.
All Beauty sleeps, and lo! where lies
(Her casement open to the skies)
Irene, with her Destinies!

Oh, lady bright! can it be right,
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs from the tree top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop;
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully, so fearfully,
Above the closed and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees!
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
For ever with unopened eye,
While the dim sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold,
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And winged pannels fluttering back,
Triumphant o'er the crested palls,
Of her grand family funerals.
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown
In childhood, many an idle stone;
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!
It was the dead who groaned within.

There is power of painting in

DREAM-LAND.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule—
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of SPACE,—out of TIME.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the dews that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters—lone and dead—
Their still waters—still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead;
Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily;
By the mountains near the river,
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever;
By the grey woods, by the swamp,
Where the toad and the newt encamp;
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the Ghouls;

By each spot the most unholy,
In each nook most melancholy,
There the traveller meets aghast
Sheeted Memories of the past;
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by;
White-robed forms of friends long given,
In agony to the Earth—and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion,
'Tis a peaceful soothing region;
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'Tis, oh 'tis an Eldorado!
But the traveller, travelling through it,
May not, dare not openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed;
So wills its King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid;
And thus the sad soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.

More than half the volume is occupied with "Poems written in youth." They serve, at least, to mark the great progress the author has made; otherwise they are not worth the paper on which they are printed.

We shall be glad to meet Mr. POE again, both in prose and poetry. His volume of tales we reviewed some time since.

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN BARBARY.—Even in Barbary education appears to be spreading rapidly, through the exertions of the Bey; the same who, we may observe, about twelve months back, completely abolished slavery throughout his dominions. For the following interesting intelligence we are indebted to the Tunis correspondent of the *Malta Times*:—"In my last, of the 4th instant, I promised to give you some particulars respecting the manner in which his Highness Ahmed Bey furthers education in his dominions. This I will now do. Soon after his coming to the throne he opened a public library, for which he bought books to a very great amount. The library is enriched with very valuable and scarce manuscripts on almost every subject. Persons provided with a ticket from a priest, have access to it gratis, where they may read or transcribe any of the works. To the great mosque, called Gjema Ezzeitona, is attached the chief college. In it are daily no less than sixty lectures delivered; not only on theological subjects, but also on astronomy, rhetoric, logic, and grammar. To the college are attached thirty professors, and all receive their salary from the Bey. In order to stimulate the students (of whom there is a great number), the Bey has a certain fund distributed amongst the most deserving of them. You find students here from other countries; and some come from very great distances. One is personally known to me, who comes from Timbuctoo. Besides this great college the Bey has set on footing several of an inferior kind. He has also a military school, and I have been given to understand that he is now getting some of the best books on tactics translated into the Arabic language. All this, let it be remembered, is of very great importance. The Bey has broken down that superstition which has for ages been a barrier between the people of this country and Europe, or, rather, Christendom. He has shewn his subjects their inferiority to Europeans, and has done all in his power to induce them to take them as their models, which I am glad to say they are now beginning to do."

EDUCATION IN WALES.—A meeting of gentlemen connected with Wales, and interested in its social advancement, was held on Thursday evening, at the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, Aldersgate-street, for the purpose of maturing plans, which have been for some time under consideration, for extending popular education throughout that country. It was resolved to form a society, to be called

"The Cambrian Educational Society, for promoting the Establishment of Day-schools in Wales, on the Principles of the British and Foreign School Society." It was stated that the society, although wholly distinct from the British and Foreign School Society, was not intended to oppose that noble institution, but to relieve it from all care about Wales, and to take out of its hands all that pertains to the establishment of schools in that country. It was also stated that the "Cambrian" would seek the patronage of the lords of Cambria's soil, and possibly that of her prince. That it would be her endeavour to raise a large fund (by voluntary means), for the purpose of employing agents throughout the principality, to guide the people in the establishment of schools, of providing school plans suited to all localities, of assisting in procuring grants from the government, where such grants may be desired, of employing persons of experience to organise schools, or to set them in motion when they are established, of assisting committees in procuring suitable teachers, of aiding promising, but poor young men, to undergo the necessary training at a normal school, Borough-road, or Brecon, of preparing and publishing school books adapted to Wales, in the two languages, English and Welsh, of making grants of school books, &c. &c. The schools, it was remarked, would be schools for all, and not for a sect, and would be not in name only, but truly and emphatically, National Schools.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[It is intended in this division of THE CRITIC to collect communications of facts observed in Natural History, for which at present there exists no medium. Correspondence is requested.]

LINNEAN SOCIETY, March 3. — E. Forster, esq. in the chair.—Mr. Newport read a paper "On the Aqueous Vapour transpired from the Beehive." The author drew attention to circumstances which do not appear to have engaged the attention of naturalists, viz. the quantity of vapour expelled from the hive by bees, during the act of ventilation, and the deposit of blackish matter at the entrance of hives on the footstool. He at first had supposed that this deposit was either occasioned by the shedding of pollen by the bees when they alight, or else that it was some rejected substance; but he soon satisfied himself that it was not occasioned by either of these causes, and he suggested, in the absence of direct proof, whether it may not be due to the same cause as that which darkens the waxen combs in the interior; and whether this may not result from a combination with the wax of part of the carbonic acid produced during the respiration of the bees, such combinations being promoted by the high temperature of the interior of the hive. He also suggested that the black deposit at the entrance of the hive might be due to the same cause, but observed that these views could only be substantiated by comparative chemical analyses of the amount of carbon in new and in old waxen combs. He confirmed, by his own experiments, the statements of Huber, that the vitiated air of the hive is removed by the fanning of the bees, and that in this process a double current is established. The respired air passes out by the one, while fresh air enters by the other. He found also that the former is of high temperature, and is charged with a large quantity of vapour, the result of the respiration of the bees, and of their cutaneous transpiration. In one experiment which he made to collect and condense the vapour, as it issued forth, he found that during eleven hours of the night in the beginning of September, he obtained a drachm and a half of fluid condensed from the air that escaped from a single hive, at a time when the temperature of the external atmosphere was about 60 deg. Fahr. The temperature of the vapour, as it issued forth, as examined in a glass vessel about 4 inches distance from the entrance of the hive, was then 69 deg. Fahr.; and on another occasion when the open atmosphere was 61 deg. Fahr. that of the vapour was 72 deg. 5 min. Fahr. while a thermometer which had been inserted through the top of the hive, and had remained so untouched for several days, showed that the upper part of the hive was then only 69 deg. Fahr. The result of the observations seemed to show that the temperature of the expelled air, and the quantity of vapour it contained, were in proportion to the activity, and the quantity of respiration of the bees.—*Literary Gazette.*

OUR NATIVE PLANTS.—The *Genesee Farmer* gives this

brief summary of the native countries of our most familiar plants:—The potato is a native of South America, and is still found wild in Chili, Peru, and Monte Video. In its native state the root is small and bitter. The first mention of it by European writers is in 1588. It is now spread over the world. Wheat and rye originated in Tartary and Siberia, where they are still indigenous. The only country where the oat is found wild is in Abyssinia, and thence may be considered a native. Maize or Indian corn is a native of Mexico, and was unknown in Europe until after the discoveries of Columbus. The bread-fruit-tree is a native of the South Sea Islands, particularly Otaheite. Tea is found a native nowhere except in China and Japan, from which countries the world is supplied. The cocoa nut is a native of most equinoctial countries, and is one of the most valuable trees, as food, clothing, and shelter are afforded by it. Coffee is a native of Arabia Felix, but is now spread in both the East and West Indies. The best coffee is brought from Mocha, in Arabia, whence about 14,000,000 pounds are annually exported. St. Domingo furnishes from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 pounds yearly. All the varieties of the apple are derived from the crab-apple, which is found native in most parts of the world. The peach is derived from Persia, where it still grows in a native state, small, bitter, and with poisonous qualities. Asparagus was brought from Asia; cabbage and lettuce from Holland; horseradish from China; rice from Ethiopia; beans from the East Indies; and garlicks are natives from various places both in Asia and Africa. The sugar-cane is a native of China; and the art of making sugar comes from it.

PLAGUE.—A report of a committee of the Academy of Medicine, to inquire into the nature of the Plague, and composed of the following, viz. Messrs. Prus, Ferrus, Begin, Dubois, Adelon, Dupuis, Londe, Melier, Pariset, Royer-Collard, and Poiseuille, was read at the last sitting. The conclusions come to by the committee are as follow:—1. The plague is endemic in Egypt, Syria, and Turkey. 2. The plague develops itself spontaneously, under the influence of local and atmospheric causes. 3. Civilization can alone prevent the spontaneous development of the plague, either endemic or epidemic. 4. The plague frequently presents itself under the form of epidemic maladies. 5. The plague is propagated by the air, and not by contact; consequently the plague is not contagious. 6. Clothing, merchandise, and other effects do not transmit the plague by contact, and do not form a focus of infection. 7. Persons suffering under the plague form the only foci of infection, and transmit it through the medium of the air. 8. The foci of infection on board ship are formed by the persons suffering under the plague. 9. The period at which the symptoms of the plague make their appearance after the infection has been communicated never exceeds eight days.

A GREEDY BRUTE.—A prairie snake was lately shot, in whose stomach were found eighteen swallows half digested. The reptile was found over a nest of young birds, which it was devouring, while the old ones were flying and screaming violently around it.

JOURNAL OF SOCIAL ECONOMY.

PUBLIC CHARITIES IN FRANCE.—M. de Watteville, Inspector-General of Charitable Establishments in France, has just published a work in which he gives the following account of their number and character:—There are 1,333 hospitals or hospices, whose united revenues amount to 53,662,992 francs; one royal hospital for the blind, 332,492f.; 7,599 bureaux de bienfaisance, 13,557,836f.; forty-six Monts de Pitié, whose annual loans amount to 42,220,684f.; thirty-nine establishments for the education of the deaf and dumb, but the revenues of only the two royal institutions of Paris and Bourdeaux are given—they amount to 255,503f.; one institution for the education of the blind, 156,699f.; 144 dépôts of enfans trouvés, but the revenues of these establishments are included in the item of hospitals and hospices; thirty-seven public asylums for the insane, twenty-five wards in the hospitals and eleven private asylums. The public asylums receiving from the departmental funds 4,826,168f. a year; and one Maison Royale, at Charenton, for the insane, which receives from the state 459,857f.; making a total of 9,242 establishments, and an annual expenditure of 115,441,232f.

A Prize Essay "On the evils which are produced by late hours of business, and on the benefits which would attend their abridgment," has recently been presented to the Hobart Town Mechanics' Institution.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

ON CITIES, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. I.

LONDON TO HAMBURGH.

It was

"Eleven o'clock
By St. George's clock"

on Tuesday, Sept. 2, 1845, when after enjoying that real luxury, a well-dressed English dinner, with the comparatively incomparable comforts of an English fireside, that I started, in company with my friend B——, whom I beg to introduce to you as "Uncle William," to go on board *The Countess of Londale*, bound for Hamburg. We reached her ladyship rather early, and remained on deck, watching the arrival of our fellow-passengers, until the hour fixed for our departure. Nor was the time idly spent; for I very much doubt whether, of its kind, any sight can be more impressive than that of the port of London. History has no record of such another. The commercial cities of antiquity, even at their most prosperous period, presented no scene like this. Modern history can adduce no rival. It is unique, separate, and distinct—the entrance to the metropolis of the commerce of the world. To me, its effect appears always greatly enhanced by night. The long dark tiers of vessels, half shrouded in the dun atmosphere, the spacious wharfs stretching on both sides, the lofty masses of buildings which line them, the lurid gloom reflected from the lights of the city, and which has no apparent limit but the horizon, the incessant noise of occupation, even at midnight, heard around you, the sounds from the ships arriving or departing, all combined, convey an idea of wealth, mental activity, enterprise, and human industry, unseen, it is difficult to realize, and, seen, it is as difficult to describe. I did not long, however, moralise upon this topic, for it began to rain; and as damp and dull are more nearly allied than this world believes, I betook me to my berth, where I remained until early morn, and then felt on breasting it all that poets feign of its "breezy incense," welcome at all times, doubly so after years of London and the confinement of a cabin. The day passed as days on steamers generally do. Many of the passengers were "affected," a few not quite so much; some were lively, others extremely serious, almost all had been at sea, although none were in any degree so nautical as that peculiar race which navigates the Thames and visits Margate, and thereupon discourses so seamanly on the Nore Light, Tenterden Steeples, and the Goodwin Sands. Hopes and fears of a good voyage were alternately indulged in, whilst jokes, bottled stout, "Bass's very Pale," together with basins, were perpetually going off in all directions. One passenger, more than any other, attracted my attention. He was the centre around which we all revolved. Apparently thirty, well-made, of a vigorous frame and clear complexion, he seemed able to endure and dare most of the afflictions and all the temptations of this "wicked world, the flesh, and the devil," and to take whatever came for weal or woe, with a very laudable philosophic spirit of indifference, submission, or enjoyment. He was of those whose delight is

Di non far mai nulla; ma starsi sempre in letto,

from whence he discussed London and its environs with a very praiseworthy volubility considering the constant interruptions his opinions met with, from the ever-flowing streams of liquids, and endless plates of Hamburg beef, which passed in rapid succession down his throat. Then his taste in cookery was peculiar, and fairly took our black Apicius off his legs. Among others, was the following recipe for a potatoe salad: cold po-

tatoes, endive, red herrings, beetroot, lettuce, eggs, anchovies, oil, pepper, and other cruet articles, with the addition of any savings which could be spared in the shape of mustard and cress, radishes, onions, or other not very dissimilar kitchen garden or steamboat kitchen esculents. Our cook turned pale, and, had he had room, would have fallen to the ground in his culinary cell upon receiving these instructions. The steward stood aghast, but bore up like a man, and resolutely refused to concoct such a "pig's mess," and asked, with the gravity of a sound divine, if No. 7 had not the slightest fear of the Sea consequences before his eyes. I was convulsed, but subdued my emotions, knowing how frequently they aid the excitement of the anti-pathetic and emetic element. At length the cry of Heligoland was heard, and at day-break on the 4th we were entering the Elbe. "Uncle William" was now again alive from his berth, for he had suffered a suspension of every physical faculty subsequent to our passing Gravesend, and we went aloft together. A great release it was; humanity recovering from its recent degradation. The sun just tinged the horizon with a ruddy flush, which rapidly extended into masses of glowing light, brighter and more beautiful by contrast with the murky clouds that lowered over the restless old ocean we had left. To our right was the flat Hanover coast, from whence a boat put off, demanded our papers, and subjected us to the dull impertinence of paying the Stade dues; and all on the right and power of an "Ancient Imperial Grant!" But this flat extension was soon changed. The navigation of the Elbe is difficult, being in parts almost as narrow as the Clyde, and the care requisite gave us additional opportunities of enjoying its scenery. The left side became gradually more hilly, and every nook and eminence were covered with villas centred in gardens, belonging to the merchants of Hamburg or Altona. This is, I believe, a territory belonging to the Duchy of Holstein. On entering the harbour the scene becomes still more enlivened. Altona and Hamburg seemed joined, and are bounded by a broad and spacious quay, presenting the usual bustling panorama of a trading city, along which vessels from all countries and of all sizes are moored. When we were finally freed from the steamer (for her ladyship took, methought, a long time to settle, as ladies generally do, and puffed her steam off with a gusty, discontented spirit) we were deposited in a flat-bottomed punt and pushed off to a small wooden tenement, built apparently upon a barge, before which stood an elderly gentleman with a cane in his hand, habited like an English beadle, clad in the official robes of a very poor parish. He asked, and was answered:—"We had no matters, or eatables taxable as city dues;" and presto! he waved his wand, and we found we had passed the custom-house. What a lesson in statesmanship for our Sir Robert! How much would similar institutions entitle him to the thanks of that posterity for which he yearns! No reward would be too great; no medal of merit from tin upwards to gold refined could be more properly bestowed than then on him. I would swear by the inscription of any votive tablet erected to his honour thereupon, though it monopolised all the talents and the virtues, and exhausted even the imaginative genius of Mr. Robins in its composition. I would believe in the truth of his epitaph, even thus written—Can any man do more? A dirty child of Israel, however, did not fare so well. He was detected with a mess of pottage in his possession, from which I recoiled with fear and trembling, and for which he prayed with all the servility of his nature, and paid for with all the reluctance of his race. So paddling about amid boats full of the peasantry coming or returning from market,—the Vierlanders in their picturesque, and something more, attractive attire, we reached a large washhouse constructed upon another barge, before which rows of unstocked females, up to their knees in dirty water, were standing beating, scrubbing, splashing, shouting, and talking, as if all Hamburg human life were deaf or asleep, and they wished to awake it by their noise,

Rousing to thought the dull cold ear of time.

Another beadle; we raised our hats, unpunctured; he waved his staff, we ascended a spacious flight of steps and were in Hamburg! We threaded a few streets, stared around us, and headed by our touter in front, with carpet bags, and porter in the rear, were finally located at the "British Hotel," kept by a real Devonshire native, christened "Dunning." This was a great seduction; and I felt on entering like one who has

foregone a great manly, mental, and moral resolution. The touter tempted; a vivacious Hamburger confirmed his poetic view of the "British," and we fell. But we did very well,—the house was clean, the charges moderate, the *table d'hôte* bad, and the company third rate.

Piu non ragionamo, di lor, ma guarda, e passa.

We sallied forth after breakfast, Murray, "Uncle William," and I, for John Murray was so inseparable a companion that I beg you will henceforth consider him as one of the party. The city cannot fail to please. The streets in what we may call the New Town seem rising like exhalations, in a style of architecture well adapted to ensure great breadth and boldness, yet with sufficient variety at intervals to avoid monotony, though here and there fanciful and bizarre. The contrast presented by what remains of the Old Town I found more interesting; it is the historical Hamburg; the city of the great wars of Germany, of its commerce; of Lessing and of Klopstock. It is still intersected by its open Fleethen, or Fleet ditches, so extremely Dutch in their appearance, their sluggish waters, and their smell, whilst the rows of trees which at intervals line them, the broad quay and vessels moored off their owner's door, present a scene a compound of Germany and Holland, which pleases you by its peculiar and not unpicturesque effect. We visited the Rathhaus and the Börse, two fine buildings, one now erecting, the other but of late years finished, and fortunately saved from the great fire of 1842; then turned aside into the Old Town, hunted up rare books, in all quarters, Christian and Jewish, and disappointed of our game migrated finally to the Jungferstieg. This is the finest street, and most frequented place of resort, and fronts the spacious basin of the Alster. The quays here form a broad road, and promenades, which are lined on one side by the principal hotels, all of recent erection, and beneath the entrance to one, the Hotel de Russie, you pass into an arcade, that for taste and style of decoration far exceeds its imitations both in Paris and London. I say its imitations, for this is a kind of human conservatory, a spacious avenue enclosed with glass; but it wants the gaiety of the Palais Royal, and if it possess the merit of being extremely classic, has the fatal reputation also of being extremely dull. You will ask what I think of the Hamburg population. Of their "Physique" I can say but little—it is between Dutch and Dido,—the former you know, the poet's description of the latter you may remember,—of their "Morale" nothing good or evil. They are reputed hospitable, and I should think somewhat given to the pleasures of the table, at least as far as solids are concerned. Every man seems born with a cigar in his mouth, which he is destined to carry ever burning to his grave. The servant girls are known by their gay attire, their costume is good, but they have a practice of carrying small baskets beneath their arms covered over with shawls, which have all the appearance of a child's coffin, and which at first I thought was really "babbies," but which I afterwards found to be butter and market vegetables. But for the true picturesque you must take a leisurely survey of the Vierlanders, the peasantry of a territory bordering on the Elbe, and examine, start not, the flower girls at the theatre, who are dressed becomingly, in a style which, without profaneness, I think I may venture to call the highest refinement of the broom girl. This went in its primeval shape to Paris, was converted into Crénérine, and thence imported by Carson into London. We went to the theatre in the evening, tired nature notwithstanding; the house is spacious, but the successive tiers of boxes, unsupported by pillars, and apparently undivided, and which have thus all the appearance of a long suspended corridor, detract from all richness of effect. The decorations are too sombre, and want relief. The music was good, the prima donna extremely popular, and loudly called for by "Young Hamburg." The piece was an operetta done into German from the French. At the close of the performance we adjourned to the Elbe Pavilion, where we had some excellent music by, I believe, an amateur band. English is here generally spoken, and I heard some familiar asseverations, uttered from the bottom of the "deep, deep" sewer, with an emphasis and an earnestness which recalled all the Seven Dials at once upon my mind. The churches are, for the most part, architecturally not worth seeing. They are of brick, with lofty steeples, from which fine views may be had, but no views exceed in interest those

obtained from the bridges which intersect the city. I felt Dutch all over, and recalled the day when I first stood by the statue of Erasmus at Rotterdam, and still more the pictures of William Vander Velde and Van de Neer. Not until you have seen the views off a Dutch coast, sailed up a river, noted, if I may use the term, the physical features of the canal or inland view, beneath all the varied influence of light and shade, and that hazy species of middle tint which is peculiar to Holland, can you conceive the magic truthfulness of her great artists, and how much we rob them of their due, when, in estimating their productions as mere works of art, we overlook their breathing identity with nature. As it is impossible to start direct for Berlin to-morrow, for the Prussian post goes not every day, we shall proceed to Brunswick, and thence by rail-road to Magdeburg, that is if our lives be spared, for the streets are extremely narrow, crowded with carts of the clumsiest character, blocked up by omnibuses, barricaded by schnellposts, abridged by stout porters; and if, moreover, I escape the drosky drivers, you shall hear from me again.

EXPEDITION TO BORNEO.

THE following interesting account of the Hon. WILLIAM MURRAY's expedition to Borneo, with the view of forming a British settlement in that Island, and of his unfortunate death, is contained in a letter to his father, by one of his companions in the expedition:—

"We left Macao on the 7th November, our expedition consisting of the brig *Anna*, mounting two nine-pounders, four six-pounders, and four two-pounders, and the schooner *Yonge Quene*, mounting four six-pounders, and 12 two pounders, both vessels well supplied with small arms, ammunition, &c. The first place we made was Sambas, a Dutch settlement in Borneo, to which we went with the view of gaining information. Here one of our men fell overboard on Christmas-day, and was drowned. We remained at Sambas ten days, and thence proceeded to Banpassin, another Dutch settlement, where we disposed of part of our cargo, and took in provisions and water. Fourteen days after sailing from this settlement we made the mouth of the river Cote, which had never previously been entered by any English vessel. We passed up the river, and were six days sailing in it before we reached the first town, which is named Simerinden, and is situated forty-five miles from the entrance. We found the Sultan absent at another town, named Tongaron, about thirty-five miles farther up the river; we, therefore, passed on, but owing to the force of the current we were seven days in making this distance. We anchored abreast of the Sultan's residence in the evening, and on the following morning we landed under a salute, and went on shore on a ceremonial visit to his Majesty. Our party consisted of the hon. Mr. Murray, Capt. Lewis of the *Anna*, Capt. Hart, of the *Yonge Quene*, Mr. Saul (surgeon), Mr. Marzetti (formerly of the *Melbourne*), Messrs. Hart and M'Nally, and myself, with a guard of eight sailors, well armed. We were also, each of us, dressed out in full *tog*, and being furnished each with a sword and pair of pistols, as you may suppose, we looked like the real thing itself. On arriving at the Sultan's house we were received with great pomp, but I confess I did not feel at all easy when in the course of a very short time I saw upwards of 1,000 Malays assembled in the same room with us. We were, however, perfectly well treated, and after our interview with his Majesty had terminated, we were regaled with a sumptuous lunch, of which nearly 3,500 partook—certainly the largest tea party I ever had the honour to be at. After lunch it was arranged that we should have another interview with the Sultan in two days; we then departed in state, and were received on board with a salute. At the end of two days negotiations commenced; Mr. Murray asked a grant of land, and other privileges, which, at first, they were disposed to grant, but after a few days' talk they positively refused to allow us to settle, but they expressed a desire to trade with the English. Mr. Murray was dubious of their sincerity, but to see whether this was not a pretence, Capt. Lewis and I were sent ashore with samples. We were not received with the same kindness as before, but they said the Sultan was ill, which we had many reasons for disbelieving; we observed that all the women and children had left the town, and that none but warriors remained. We left the samples with them, and I can assure

you that I was not sorry when we got alongside. About an hour after the samples were sent on board, and we were told that if we wanted to trade we must go to Simerinden. By this time the town was completely fortified, and there were about forty large prows, all carrying three and four-pounders, drawn up so as to be ready at a moment's notice. Under these circumstances we thought it most prudent to shift our berth to the other side of the river, so that we might not be taken by surprise. At midnight we were alarmed by a fearful yell, which threw us for a moment into such confusion that we were actually pointing pistols in each others' faces, when hailed from the schooner to be on the look-out, as she had been nearly carried by boarding. We had kept a strict watch, but the fog was so great that we could not see ten yards from the vessel. Finding us on the alert, they did not renew the attempt, and the rest of the night passed quietly. Next morning we held a council of war, at which it was decided that a letter should be written to the Sultan, complaining of the outrage, and demanding that two hostages should be sent on board until we had passed Simerinden, else, we should fire upon the town. When the letter reached the shore we could see them almost immediately preparing for action. We waited a quarter-of-an-hour beyond the time specified, a signal gun was fired from the schooner, and just as they were returning it Mr. Murray called out—"Let them have it," and we did, to their hearts' content. The action was now commenced in right earnest; I was stationed at the poop gun along with the volunteers, one of whom, poor Hart, was shot in the shoulder blade at the very commencement of the action, and had to be carried below. After about eight rounds were fired, we found that the shore guns bore so well on us that they would soon have sunk the ship; we thought it desirable, therefore, to shift our quarters; one of the seamen named Danty was sent aloft to loose the topsail, and while so engaged he was shot through the back, and died in the greatest agony. Apprehensive that if we continued in our then position they might board us in the dark and overpower us, we slipped our cables and made sail down the river. In an incredibly short space of time we were followed by 250 large prows and floating batteries, and considering that we had to pass Simerinden, which was much better fortified than Tongaron, and had to go thirty miles before we could reach the sea, you may imagine our position was not a very comfortable one. The prows pressed heavy on us, and forced us to fire as fast as we could load, if we wished them to keep at a respectful distance; we had, however, the pleasure of seeing lots of them kicking about in the water, and many of their boats going down head foremost. We were not ourselves escaping scatheless; another volunteer, M'Nally, stationed at my gun, was shot through the thigh, and had his finger and part of his hand shot off. He, also, had to be taken below, making the second from my gun, and all of us who remained were slightly touched. On board the schooner there were several wounded. It was now dark, so we lashed both vessels together and drifted down the river. We all lay by our guns, and so deep was the silence that a pin dropped on the deck must have been heard. At half-past nine o'clock we got abreast of Simerinden, and in all likelihood would have passed unnoticed had not the boats astern given the alarm, and they immediately opened fire upon us, but without effect, owing to the darkness of the night preventing them from seeing our position, and we allowed them to fire away without returning it. They then set to work to light fires, but before they could get up a blaze we were out of their reach. A few hours afterwards we anchored for the night, being fearful of getting into the wrong passage; all hands, however, remained at their stations for fear of a surprise. Murray seemed very down-hearted, the rest so so. Next morning at day-light the blood-hounds were in sight, apparently more numerous than ever, and we had still thirty miles between us and the mouth of the river. The breeze, however, was fresh and in our favour, so we soon lost sight of them, but at ten a. m. we had to bring to, on account of a bar with only six feet at low water time (eleven a. m.) the brig drawing ten feet. The schooner hauled two ships' length ahead of us, but was obliged to bring up again. Mr. Murray, who was in the schooner, came on board and read prayers over the dead, and we committed their bodies to the deep. When returning he forgot his sword, which I observed and ran after him with it. On giving it to him I

noticed that he was very pale. He had scarcely got on board when the prows hove in sight and opened fire, which we were not backward in returning, and had the pleasure of seeing several of them sink. This made them cautious, but they rallied. At one o'clock they were ahead and on our quarter, the firing hotter than ever; our poop and main deck guns peppered them beautifully, but our rigging was getting very much cut up, and the hull had not escaped. The flag was cut to ribbons, but it still waived gaily, and it might have waived long enough before any of us would have thought of hauling it down. The battle was now at the fiercest, and it was about this time that poor Mr. Murray, while in the act of firing the midship gun was shot through the heart, and exclaiming, "O my God," expired almost instantaneously. At four o'clock we lashed both vessels together and hauled over the bar; a fine breeze springing up, we cast off from each other, and made all sail. When about half-a-mile from them we had leisure to look back, and I think there could not have been less than 300 prows, manned, at the lowest calculation, with 7,000 men, firing random shot at us. At dusk we cleared the river, and the sands which extend two miles from the mouth of the river. Next day we committed poor Mr. Murray's remains to the deep, and here terminated our disasters. The action lasted thirty-six hours.

ART.

THE NEW PANORAMA—"CONSTANTINOPLE."

ATTRACTIVE equally by their subjects and their masterly execution as have been the panoramas of Mr. BURFORD, we remember none which has given us so large an amount of pleasure as the noble picture of Constantinople, which was opened for public view on Monday last.

There are few acquainted with Roman History, and with the early struggles of the Christian religion, or who have merely read the glowing and eloquent description by GIBBON of this "Queen of Cities," to which the Roman Emperors, forsaking their ancient capital, transferred the seat of their power, but must have frequently desired to visit and examine the modern representative of this once world-renowned city. Of Byzantium small remains are left; but of the capital, built by CONSTANTINE, though besieged twenty-four times, and conquered and despoiled six, the grand mosque of St. SOPHIA, the aqueducts of Valens, the vast water-tanks of the Greeks, and many other prominent features, survive the ruin which has overwhelmed the less remarkable objects.

The modern city, the throne of a feeble and tottering secular power, but of a wide-spread and proselitising religion, is so graphically described in the explanatory book furnished by Mr. BURFORD, that though somewhat in the style of the showman, we lay it before our readers.

"Towards the east, at the extreme point of the peninsula, formed by the Golden Horn and the sea of Marmora, stands the elegant, but now nearly tenantless Seraglio, the gilded pinnacles of its numerous buildings glittering through the wide-spreading foliage of its extensive gardens; beyond is the Marmora, bright and placid, as if no storms ever rent its bosom; and directly across the channel, stretches Scutari, the gem of the Asiatic shore, with its belt of white palaces, its never-ending cemetery forming a perfect forest of cypresses, and its pleasant hill-seated Kiosks—its graceful outline reflected in the clear waves below, whilst above, almost blending with the purple clouds that rest upon them, tower the snow-crown Bythinian Olympus, and a long line of the blue hills of Asia Minor. Towards the south, the sea of Marmora spreads broad and open until it mingles with the distant horizon, interrupted only by the faint outlines of the beautiful islands, which rear their sides from the bright waters, like immense aquatic monsters revelling in the sunshine. Towards the west, the truncated Aqueduct of Valens, which rises high above the valley and the subjacent edifices, forms a conspicuous and picturesque ornament; and the view is closed by hills of varied forms, sometimes covered with luxuriant vegetation, sometimes relieving the rich character of the scenery by obtruding and sterile rocks. Towards the north, is the noble harbour of the Golden Horn, filled with shipping of every class; immediately in front is the recently erected floating-bridge, leading to Galata, which, with its mouldering walls

and warlike memories, stands directly across, lining the shore with a confused mass of warehouses, workshops and quays crowded by numberless vessels; the rising ground clothed with closely-built dwellings, and surmounted by the high tower, so celebrated when the Janissaries ruled the destinies of the empire. Above is Pera, with its thronging mass of houses, graceful amphitheatre of hills, and its long grove of cypresses waving their sombre branches in melancholy mourning over the turbaned dead. To the left, the harbour, after passing the immense arsenal of the Turkish marine, is seen winding its course through a rich and lovely country, until it is lost in a most beautiful valley, called the European Sweet Waters. To the right, it opens into the Bosphorus, which, clear and sparkling as the sky, whose tints it rivals, is seen crowded with vessels and craft of all kinds and countries, from the light gilded caique of the Turk, to the British man-of-war; its rich and varied shores, bristling with shining batteries and glittering castles, its current intersected with bold crags and woody headlands, fringed, through its tortuous course, with lines of palaces, and romantic habitations, with a wilderness of gardens, climbing the steep, until lost in the veil of violet-tinted haze, peculiar to its waters."

This picture occupies the large circle of "the Panorama," and is taken from the Seraskier's Tower, which, crowning the highest of the seven hills on which the city is built, affords the most favourable and comprehensive field of view. Its artistic merits are absolutely beyond praise; in no framed picture have we seen the illusion so perfect. The various objects are painted with a force and truth of colour that absolutely rivals nature; there is actual substance in the hills, and woods, and edifices; the perspective in every point is faultless; the effects—so difficult to manage in a vast work like this—are thrown in always to the advantage of the picture; and there is present a fullness and depth of luminous atmosphere that absolutely suggest the climate to the senses, as well as the local characteristics of the view. A grander triumph of their art the painters, Messrs. BURFORD and SELOUS, have never achieved, and we doubt whether it is possible in future works to carry success further.

To all who would enjoy a treat of an intellectual and gratifying nature, we recommend a visit to the Panoramas; the inspection of this masterly picture of Constantinople, that of the forcibly painted view of Rouen, and the gem-like little reflection of Athens will convey to the mind more vivid and lasting impressions of the interesting cities they represent than all the oral and book descriptions that ever have been, or can be, given.

STATUE OF SOPHOCLES.—The *Constitutionnel* announces that a statue of Sophocles is on its way to Paris, from Athens, whence it has been sent by the French ambassador, M. Piscatory. It is said to be one of the most remarkable antique works of art which have yet been deposited in the Sculpture Gallery of the Louvre, for which it is destined.

MUSIC.

MR. LAVENU'S CONCERT.

THIS grand annual entertainment came off on Monday evening last, at Covent Garden, and it was indeed a concert on a monster scale. Such an array of talent, and such a variety of attractions, has seldom been offered. The music was both instrumental and vocal. Among the distinguished personages in the former were Madame DULCKEN, PARISH ALVERS, SIVORI, RICHARDSON, BAUMANN; among the latter were Mmes. ALBERTAZZI, BALFE, Mrs. ALFRED SHAW, Messrs. BRAHAM, H. PHILLIPS, BORRANI, &c. We were treated with the finest modern music, the only matter of complaint being the quantity: there was really too much of a good thing. The treat would not have been diminished by a curtailment of one third. To specify any of the performances where all were so excellent would be invidious, and to name them individually would fill a couple of our columns. Suffice it, that the audience, numerous and brilliant, fully appreciated the exertions made by Mr. LAVENU to provide an unequalled evening's amusement, and the efforts of the various *artistes* were warmly acknowledged. These combinations of the musical talent of

the day, without jealousies or rivalries, to give to the public a specimen of the art *as it is*, are equally creditable to the enterprise of the managers, the good feelings of the professors, and the good taste of the public, and we hope to record their frequent repetition, with the same success that attended Mr. LAVENU and his friends on Monday.

Mrs. PHILLIPS'S VOCAL ENTERTAINMENTS.—The entertainments given by this lady at Crosby-hall, have attracted crowded audiences, and, what must be equally welcome to the fair lecturer, have given unalloyed satisfaction. Indeed, looking at the varied talent by which Mrs. PHILLIPS is enabled to amuse for a period exceeding two hours, without the slightest symptom of weariness in either the entertainer or the entertained, it were scarcely possible that her exertions could be productive of any result short of the most unequivocal success, which she certainly enjoys, if we may judge by the hearty applause which repeatedly manifests itself during the entertainment. One great merit in the literary portion of the entertainment is its originality; another is the admirable manner in which the Irish stories are given, and which proves the lady's intimacy with the characteristics of the "finest pisantry in the world." The songs introduced as illustrations are of a superior description, and they are given by Mrs. PHILLIPS with so much expression and power that her auditory are seldom satisfied without encores. Mr. F. N. CROUCH accompanied Mrs. PHILLIPS on the pianoforte.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday, this old favourite of the public gave, at Miss KELLY's theatre in Dean-street, a farewell entertainment, previous to making a tour of the provinces. He sang, with that spirit and sentiment which we have more than once described in this journal, and which, indeed, form the characteristics of his style, several of his most successful songs, including *The Boatman on the Ohio*, *The Ship on fire*, *The Maniac*, *The Gambler's Wife*, and *The Three Despot*s, all of which were enthusiastically received by a full and, as they proved themselves, vociferous audience. As Mr. RUSSELL certainly has the merit of creating a new style of song—in short, as he conveys to us in these times of commonplace—an idea, we heartily wish him success in his provincial undertakings.

MELODISTS' CLUB.—The prize offered by the Earl of Westmoreland for a serenade, was awarded, on Thursday last, at the Melodists' Club, to the respected Mr. Parry, the honorary secretary, and the second prize to Mr. Blewitt. Five serenades had been sent in, which were excellently sung by Mr. Hobbs, accompanied by Mr. Horn. Solos on the concertina and pianoforte were also brilliantly performed by Regondi and W. H. Holmes, and the day passed off with great delight and harmony.

Mrs. AUGUSTUS TOULMIN.—Amateurs will, doubtless, recollect, the beautiful voice and accomplished singing of Miss Fanny Woodham, at concerts a few years since. Owing to indisposition, this gifted vocalist (who is now Mrs. Toulmin) had retired from the profession, but as her health is now entirely re-established, she proposes to resume her musical career, an event which will be a source of gratification to all admirers of sterling native talent.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Benedict's opera of *The Crusaders* increases, if possible, nightly in attraction, and yet, unluckily, cannot be played after this week, as Madame Anna Thillon, who arrived in town on Friday, appears forthwith in Auber's opera of *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. Mr. Bunn returned on Friday night from Paris.

DRAGONETTI.—We regret to learn that this great artist is in a hopeless state.

FOREIGN MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

VERDI'S NEW OPERA OF ATTILA.—Correspondence from Venice, of the 18th inst. announces that Verdi's new opera of *Attila* was produced at the Venice on the preceding evening, with the most enthusiastic success, the composer and the singers being called on the stage in the course of the performance more than twelve times. It was thus cast:—*Attila*, Marini (basso); *Ezio*, Costantini (baritone); *Oceabella*, Mdlle. Lowe (soprano); *Foresto*, Guasco (tenor); *Uldino* (second tenor); *Leone* (second basso). The opera is in three acts. It opens with a prologue, in which a cavatina, sung by Lowe; an air by Guasco, and a duo of two basses are the

principal pieces. In the first act *Midle*. Lowe has a romance, Marini an air, Lowe and Guasco a duo, and there is a splendid concerted piece as a finale. In the second act is an aria for Costantini, and a grand finale. In the third act is a romance for Guasco, a trio for soprano, tenor, and bass, and a quartet for soprano, tenor, and two basses. "The romances, cavatine, arie, and *duette*," says our correspondent, "are most inspiring melodies, worthy of Bellini." Verdi had recovered from his indisposition, and was to depart for London shortly. He has sold the copyright of *Attila*, and of two operas not yet written, to Addison and Hodson of London. The subject of his work for Her Majesty's theatre will be Lord Byron's *Corsair*, and not *King Lear*, as was announced in the first instance. The Venetian amateurs pronounced *Attila* to be superior to *Ernani* and *Nabucco*.

DAVID'S MOISE AU SINAI.—The complete failure of this work is fully confirmed. The *France Musicale*, the editors of which, MM. Escudier (who were the speculators in his talents), thus dismally admit the *fiasco*:—"In consequence of the frigid reception given by almost all the press to the new work of F. David, *Moise au Sinai*, the spirit of justice and of reserve, which suggests to us to postpone our article until next Sunday, will be understood, as before that time *Moise* will have been executed a second time; and two hearings are not too much for awarding a definitive opinion on the score of such a man as David." The second hearing has been postponed *sine die*, on the alleged illness of a singer.

The celebrated Italian tenor trombone-player, Cioffi, has just arrived in London from America, and is engaged in the Philharmonic orchestra. M. Costa had long desired to tempt this fine performer to quit America to become a member of the Opera band, and it is entirely owing to Costa's invitation that Cioffi has come to this country. This is only one of innumerable instances of Costa's success in obtaining distinguished artists to perfect the *ensemble* of his orchestra. We add with pleasure, to Mr. Balfe's credit, that on learning of Costa's approval of Cioffi, the latter was immediately engaged for the Opera band.

SIGNOR TAMBURINI.—The cause of this celebrated baritone's non-arrival is, that he has taken his family to Paris, on leaving St. Petersburg, prior to his visit to London. We learn that all the Italian singers were unwell this season in the Russian capital; neither Madame Viardot, Madame Castellan, Mademoiselle Moltini, Salvi, nor Tamburini escaped the rigours of the climate. Piatti, the celebrated violoncellist, was to leave St. Petersburg for London last week.

MADAME CATALANI.—At Florence, on the 9th inst. Madame Catalani gave a concert for the benefit of a poor artist. The orchestra was directed by Prince Poniatowski. At the conclusion of the concert, the Prince asked Madame Catalani to sing the English national air of "God save the Queen." She complied with the earnest intreaties of the English present, and sang the air with the deepest feeling. All the English joined in the chorus. Madame Catalani has nearly lost her voice, and this has probably been her last appearance in public.

THE SIXTH CONCERT OF THE PARISIAN CONSERVATOIRE.—Beethoven's "Pastorale," one of Haydn's symphonies, gleanings from Gluck's *Armide* (the *solis* sung by Mademoiselle Grime and M. Grignon, jun.), Mozart's motet, "Ne pulvis et cinis," and his "Non piu di fiori," sung by Madame Blaes, with clarinet obligato by M. Blaes, comprised the sixth programme.

THEATRE ITALIEN IN PARIS.—Ernesta Grisi, after a long illness, had appeared in an act of *Cenerentola*, and her contralto voice was much admired. Persiani's benefit, on Monday last, was the last night but one of the season; one act of *Norma*, and the *Barber of Seville*, were the operas.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Halevey's *Mousquetaires de la Reine* is all the rage. A new opera in one act, *Le Veuf du Malabar*, is in rehearsal. M. Roger's benefit was a brilliant triumph; Ole Bull, the violinist, played the "Carnaval de Venice;" Leon sung Onslow's scena of "Cain;" and the parody on the "Desert" of David, by the principal comedians of Paris, excited roars of laughter.

ACADEMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE.—Mademoiselle Preti made her *début* in Halevey's *Jewess*, but with no great success. *Lucia*, with Duprez, still draws immensely. The engagement of Madame Eugénie Garcia is denied. The new ballet of

Paquita was to be produced this week. Barroilhet had recovered from his indisposition, and was to appear shortly. The return of Flora Fabri, Adele Dulimatre, and Fleury was to take place immediately.

A NEW PRIMA DONNA.—The Italian papers record the successes obtained by Madlle. Bianca Feto, a young vocalist, in the parts of *Anna Bolena*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Norma*.

SALVI.—This tenor has arrived in Paris from St. Petersburg, and was to depart with Ronconi and Madame Persiani, for Madrid, prior to his return to Russia.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—This *danseuse*, after refusing tempting offers for London, has resolved on a trip to Berlin and Hamburg.

HAMBURG.—The celebrated lady violoncello player, Madlle. Christiani, the Swedish tenor, M. Gunther, M. Charles Mayer, the pianist, from St. Petersburg, and M. Tichatschek, the famous tenor, are the lions of Hamburg.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Herr Pabst's new opera of the *Castellain of Cracow* is meeting with great success.

VENICE.—Fanny Elssler had appeared at the Fenice, in the *Jolie Fille de Gand*.

MILAN.—Taglioni is the star of the Scala; she was expected to leave soon for London.

THE SISTERS MILANOLLO.—These charming girl-violinists are now playing, in quartets, in Germany. It will be recollected that one of the sisters performed last season at the Beethoven Society.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Madame DOCHE took her benefit at the St. James's Theatre on Wednesday, and a full and fashionable attendance assembled to do honour to the accomplished *beneficiare*. The performances selected for the occasion were SCRIBE's highly amusing vaudeville, *La Seconde Année, ou, à qui la Faute*; *Les Mémoires du Diable*, and *La Polka en Provence*. M. FELIX, whose engagement had already terminated, delayed his return to the French capital out of compliment to Madame DOCHE, and played the chief male rôle in the two latter pieces, being his 400th appearance, or something of that sort, in the *Mémoires du Diable*. How on earth these actors can have the spirits to act the same character, night after night, for months, nay years, together, in this way, is to us a perfect mystery. How they can even remember their parts so long! But here both FELIX and DOCHE went through their rôles with as much energy and spirit as though it had been but the second night of their enacting them. Madame DOCHE was called on at the end of the second piece to receive the plaudits and bouquets of the audience. It was some time ere she answered the call, for she had gone to her dressing-room to prepare for *La Polka en Provence*; the poor lady, when she came forward at last, seemed quite frightened, and perhaps a little affronted, not unnaturally, at the vociferous demand in the pit for FELIX, who himself, some ten minutes after, the curtain once more drawing up convulsively, popped his head out between the side-scenes, and nodded his acknowledgments; the fact being that he was half-dressed for his part in the *Polka en Provence*. We are sorry to lose Madame DOCHE, for she is a very charming person, very natural, very graceful, and not given to airs. She seems to us to have grown much thinner since her first appearance here, some weeks back; continuity of success and all happiness go with her! The theatre closed on Friday evening, prior to the Easter holidays; it opens again on the 17th, when LAFONT returns to us, accompanied by several *artistes* entirely new to this country. One of them, Madame RAOUL, is a pupil of JENNY VERTRE, and report speaks of her as having derived great benefit from her accomplished mistress. ROSE CHERI appears towards the end of April—a most agreeable actress and a very pretty woman; and then, what a delicious name—ROSE CHERI!—only it should be *Rose Cherie*. After her comes DEJAZET, and then PLESSY.

WEIPPERT'S SOIRÉES DANSANTES.—The last but one of Mr. WEIPPERT's delightful *soirées dansantes* was held on Monday, and a brilliant party assembled to enjoy the dance, inspired as it is by his unrivalled band. The music consisted of waltzes, quadrilles, polkas, the Cellarius, and galop; all selected with great taste, and executed as only WEIPPERT can produce them. Variety, too, was consulted, for we were alternately delighted with the best compositions of LABITSKY, TINNEY, COOTE, WEIPPERT, MUBARD, JULIEN, TOLEBECQUE, LANNER, KÖNIG, and STRAUSS. The company was very select, and, indeed, the precautions taken are such as to enable families with perfect security to avail themselves of the treat offered them by Mr. WEIPPERT in this series of subscription *soirées dansantes*.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The course of lectures, delivered by Dr. JOHN RYAN during the week, have been more than usually interesting and attractive, and the consequent result has been the attendance of overflowing audiences. On Monday last, the Doctor delivered a lecture on the principles of chemical analysis; and, although at first sight the subject seems to present insurmountable difficulties to its adaption for a popular auditory; yet, in the hands of the talented lecturer, the illustrations became so simplified as to bring it home to the understanding of the younger portion of the audience. As Dr. RYAN invariably endeavours to draw his facts from the great volume of nature, and makes his experiments bear upon the connection between science and the general concerns of life—however complex the subject—however scanty the material—the whole becomes in a short time invested with a powerful interest. It is this circumstance, we have long been convinced, that has raised Dr. RYAN so rapidly in public estimation. We may mention, as an illustration of the professor's happy manner of conveying important instruction at the chemical lecture-table, the following fact mentioned by him in his lecture of Monday last. Speaking of the peculiar laws influencing the diffusion of gases, the Doctor stated that our atmosphere invariably contained three gases in a state of mere mechanical mixture, and, although varying in specific gravity, these bodies, at all altitudes and at all seasons, were found mixed in the same precise proportions. One of these gases is carbonic acid—given off during many natural processes, and always forming 1-2000th part of our atmosphere. This gas is so heavy, that 100 cubic inches weigh 47 grains, while the same bulk of air only weighs 31 grains; therefore, if gases did not diffuse themselves equally, we should have the heaviest body forming the lowest structure of the atmosphere; and as carbonic acid is destructive to life, existence in its present form would be impossible, for, at the most moderate calculation, we should have at least ten or twelve feet of that air on the surface of the earth. To provide against this we have the laws of diffusion.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time. At present it is necessarily imperfect.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Drury Lane—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

ADELAIDE GALLERY, Lowther-arcade, Strand. Daily.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—M. Phillippe's Conjuring, Strand Theatre, every evening—Mammoth Horse, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, daily.—Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

LAY OF THE MAGICIAN VIRGILIUS.

In days which many a nursery rhyme
Describes as "once upon a time,"
Before geography laid down
The whereabouts of state and town,
Or history with her crabbed pen
Wearied with dates the sons of men;
When science for art-magic past
(Now owned the magic art at last),
And clowns believed that on a book
'T would raise the devil e'en to look,
Deeming each quaint mis-shapen letter
A fiend's device their souls to fetter,
There dwelt at Rome (the story comes
From one of those worm-eaten tomes,

Nor much I blame the vulgar creed
The MS. is so hard to read)—
There dwelt at Rome with much of mystery
The hero of this antique history.
Humble in garb and mien he seem'd,
Yet by great folk was much esteem'd;
The sultan, emperor, and Pope,
Sought him by turns in fear or hope,
While vessels framed of viler clay
Crouched shuddering if he crossed their way;
For, all events he knew so well,
Men thought he had a league with hell;
And faith, if what I tell be true
In your opinion, so must you:
With such repute, more black than white,
This worthy was Virgilius hight.*

Who has not read, when life was young,
The lays by amorous poets sung,
In praise of Julius, Laurus, Celias,
Flammeltas, Lydias, Lesbias, Delias?
Ah me, the thought my bosom warms
Of all that catalogue of charms;
And I myself once lisped a ditty
Which Sugaretta vowed was pretty:
But hush:—Whoever then has read
The raptures o'er such pages shed,
Must recollect that Roman dames
Were always skilled in kindling flames.
Now Rome ne'er saw a lovelier face
Than her's whose charms my story grace;
Lucretia was, o'er all the rest,
Whate'er in beauty you like best.

'T is strange philosophers should prove
The silly pain to fall in love;
In which these masters of the schools
So often figure downright fools,
Changing their heavenly gifts for human
To gratify fantastic woman;
But ever since King Solomon
In chase of love has learning run,
Virgilius shared the common lot;
He saw Lucretia and forgot
While gazing on her lustrous eyes,
The spells by which he ruled the skies.
His mystic volumes grew quite dusty,
His magic mirror turned all rusty;
His starry gown was laid aside,
His wand a perfumed cane supplied;
Rome stared to see the necromancer
Pranked in the trappings of a dancer:
The fiend beside him always posted
In hope one day to see him roasted,
Began to quake for fear his victim
Should turn a saint and boast he'd tricked him.

But though he pressed his suit so hard,
Lucretia gave him no reward,
And he, whose charms subdued the devil,
Now failed to make a lady civil.
Till vex, and musing of a joke,
The dame in softer fashion spoke,
And feigning decent hesitation,
Made with the sage an assignation.
At dusk that evening he must be
Beneath her window secretly,
When she and her soubrette Ninetta,
By a stout cord would safely let a
Basket suspended from above
Convey him up to her and love.

'T was winter: keenly blew the wind,
And glad Virgilius was to find
The promised basket hanging ready
To waft him to his long-loved lady.
Jerking the rope he took his place
And straight began to rise apace,
While merry laughter overhead
His thoughts in genial currents led;
And now the basket's half way up,
When no—yes—surely—does it stop?
Indeed it did, and two bright eyes
Gleam'd down on him with feigned surprise.

* Some say, but malice must inspire 'em,
'T was he who sang the ARMA VIRUM;
Foul slander on the Mantuan bard!
Against such calumny to guard,
I say he lived beneath a Pope,
But which I leave to fancy's scope.

"Oh, oh, Virgilius, is that you?
Hang there till falls the morning dew;
Are you the man in arts so rich?
If you're a wizard I'm a witch."
The window closed and left the sage
Convulsed with jealousy and rage;
His spell-book idle lay at home,
He saw himself the sport of Rome;
Beside him his familiar fiend
Flapped his dark wings unheard, and grinned.

I need not now the scene pourtray
Which happened at the dawn of day;
Virgilius there, that learned wight,
At such a place, in such a plight!
Loud laughed the mob as well they might.
But ladies learn from what befell,
To quizz magicians is not well.

With hopes of speedy vengeance fraught
The wizard freed his castle sought;
The wall around was thin thin air;
Yet mortal foot ne'er entered there;
And mortal eye had ne'er the power
To trace the form of that weird tower.
The wizard passed the wall of air,
Mounted the long and winding stair,
Round the dim chamber cast a look,
Opened in haste his mightiest book,
Then flung his spells about, about,
And—every light in Rome went out.

No spark of fire to warm a man
In hovel, hall, or Vatican!
No rushlight's glimmer to illumine
At night the universal gloom!
In vain the flint and steel were plied,
And lucifers in vain were tried.
The only lights that burnt in Rome
Were those in Peter's holy dome;
The Pope himself, with reverent awe
Upon that sacred source would draw;
But when he passed the threshold o'er,
Out went the taper which he bore.
The cardinals in muttered tone
Said—"If this last he'll soon be gone;
With his sciatica and gout
This horrid frost must find him out."
Along old Tiber's yellow river
Prevailed one universal shiver;
Cooked viands grew extreme high-priced,
And every sort of food was iced.

At length his holiness for aid
By messengers Virgilius prayed;
Their errand on their knees they broke,
And short and stern the wizard spoke.
"Lucretia on a stage expose,
Then light your candles at her nose."

Pass we the questions and replies
To which this oracle gave rise.
The true Lucretia they detected,
A public platform they erected;
Upon it in a chair of state
In rich array the lady sate;
And first the Pope in person came
Prometheus-like, to steal a flame;
But when his taper touched her nose,
Gods! what a shout to Heaven arose;
For sure enough, undoubted light
Flashed on the rabble's wildered sight:
Then cardinals, a goodly train,
And nobles rushed their share to gain;
And lastly came the motley many,
Holding their claim as good as any;
So that before her task was done
Full half Lucretia's nose was gone,
And she, whose beauty all admired,
In shame to privacy retired.

Hence we this double moral prove :—
Philosophers, beware of love;
And ladies, who would shew your wit,
Take heed the biter is not bit.

NECROLOGY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LISTON.

THIS celebrated comedian, whose death we announced last week, was in his seventieth year when he died, having been born in the parish of St. Ann, Soho, in the year 1776. He was liberally educated at the Soho School, and his first profession in life was that of a teacher at the Grammar School of St. Martin's, Castle-street, Leicester-square. He did not continue in this capacity for any length of time, but joined a provincial company of actors then playing at Weymouth. He shortly after appeared in Dublin, and afterwards joined the York circuit, under the management of the eccentric Tate Wilkinson. At the commencement of his theatrical career he played what is termed the "heavy business." Upon leaving the York circuit he joined Stephen Kemble's company at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Sunderland, Durham, &c., and was soon recognised as a very rising actor, and highly estimated by the principal inhabitants of each town as a gentleman and an ornament to his art. At this time Mr. Charles Kemble, then on a visit to his brother Stephen, saw Liston, and immediately predicted his future excellence, and having powerfully recommended him (Liston) to George Colman for the Haymarket Theatre, he appeared before a London audience at that theatre on the 10th of June, 1805, when he made his *début* as *Sheep-face* in *The Village Lawyer*, to the *Scout* of Mathews; he was successful, but caused no sensation. On the 14th, he played *Zekiel Homespun*, *Heir at Law*, to the *Dr. Pangloss* of Dowton; on the 18th, *John Lump*, in *The Review*; the late Mr. Winston making his first appearance as *Caleb Quotem*. Liston then played *Dan*, in *John Bull*; *Stephen Harrowby*, *Poor Gentleman*; *Robin Roughhead*, and *Jacob*, *Chapter of Accidents*; in the latter he made his first hit. Then his first original part, *John Grouse*, in *The School for Prejudice*; this was followed by *Farmer Ashfield*. His second original part was in *The Village*; or, *the World's Epitome*. This was an unsuccessful comedy, by Cherry. On the 27th of July he played one of the carpenters in *The Surrender of Calais*, Mathews playing the other. On this eventful evening he first saw Miss Tyrer, afterwards his wife. Miss Tyrer was then a pupil of Mrs. Crouch, and made her third appearance on the stage as *Queen Dollalolla*. She had played before for Mrs. Crouch's benefit. During the season, Mr. Liston appeared as *Sir George Thunder*, *Wild Oats*, the *Countryman*, in *The Recruiting Sergeant*; the *Tailor* in *Katharine and Petruchio*; *Zachariades*, in *The Tailors*. This was on the 15th of August, when the tailors of the metropolis kicked up a dreadful riot, and flung a large pair of shears at Dowton (whose benefit it was), *Fustian*, *Sylvester Daggerwood*; *Orator Mum*, *Son in Law*; *Frank*, *Three and the Deuce*. Miss Tyrer was *Taffine*. This was the first time they played together in the same piece. *Lopez*, *Lover's Quarrels*; *Frank Oat* and *Osmyn*, *Sultan*; and *Tag*, *Spoiled Child*. The Haymarket at that time had El-liston, Dowton, Decamp, C. Taylor, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Harlowe, and Mrs. Young among the company.

In 1807 he married Miss Tyrer, and by this marriage he had a son and a daughter, both of whom are now living; his son being a captain in one of her Majesty's regiments of infantry, and his daughter is now Mrs. Rodwell, the wife of the composer and author. In 1823 Liston was induced, by the offer of 40*l.* per week, to quit Covent-garden Theatre for Drury-lane, where he remained till October, 1831, when Madame Vestris engaged him for the little Olympic theatre, at the enormous salary of 100*l.* per week. At this theatre he continued six seasons; indeed, with the exception of a few nights at Covent-garden afterwards, he closed his theatrical campaign, without taking a formal farewell of the public, alleging as his excuse that he was unequal to the painful task of bidding a public adieu to his friends. It must not be forgotten to state that during the season of *Paul Pry* at the Haymarket Theatre, Morris, the proprietor, cleared the large sum of 7,000*l.*, Liston receiving 60*l.* per week. For many years, in the provinces, when starring for a few nights, his attraction was so great, that he received from 250*l.* to 350*l.* as his share of the receipts in one week, in the towns of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, &c. In his habits off the stage he was retiring, and associated but little with his dra-

matic brethren. He was ever ready to recommend and foster rising talents, and with his death the stage has lost an incomparable artist, and society a polished gentleman. On the 17th March, 1837, Mr. Liston played for the last time—the *Elder Figaro* in *The Two Figaros*, at the Olympic. Engagements on the most lavish terms were offered, but he declined; nor did he ever take his farewell. His nerves could not have stood up against the shock of such a scene. He had been for many years the neighbour of Mr. Charles Taylor, at Pen, Buckinghamshire. The death of Mrs. Taylor broke up that circle, and Mr. Liston returned to his former residence, St. George's-terrace, Hyde-park-corner, where he expired on Sunday, the 22nd ult. Mr. Liston is reported to have left a large fortune. He had, at one time, some thousands in the hands of Rowland Stephenson. Mrs. Liston, acting under a strong presentiment, urged her husband to withdraw it. He did so, and a week or two after the banker absconded.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

[Every person feels the want of an *honest* Informant to direct him where the best commodities of all kinds are to be purchased. New inventions for use or ornament are daily produced, which would be cordially welcomed if their merits were made known. An advertisement alone cannot be trusted. An impartial reporter is wanted in whom the public can confide. This department of THE CRITIC will endeavour to fulfil that duty. To aid the design, correspondents are requested to inform our readers of any new production for use or ornament they may try and prove, of the places where the best commodities of any kind are to be procured, and so forth. Of course no anonymous communication will be attended to.]

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—At the usual weekly meeting of the members and visitors of this institution on Saturday evening, Dr. Playfair delivered a lecture "On the bulk of bodies and nature of differences between unlike forms of the same body, such as diamond, graphite, coke"—the novelty and originality of which attracted a numerous assemblage of scientific men. The chair was taken by Sir E. Codrington. The lecture commenced by referring to all that had been discovered on this subject, that is to say, the laws governing the density or specific gravity of bodies previous to the late researches undertaken by himself and Mr. Joul. Gay Lussac had experimented much on gases, and had proved that, in order to effect their combination, definite proportions were absolutely necessary. Thus, if two cubic inches of oxygen were to be combined with hydrogen, four cubic inches of the latter gas would be necessary, or twice or thrice that volume, but that no fraction or part of the volume would combine. Attempts had been made to ascertain whether the same beautiful and simple law held good in reference to liquids and solids, but without any great success—the only new fact established being, that if two bodies had the same crystalline form it might be predicated that they also had the same bulk. The lecturer then referred to the ideas of old philosophers, namely, that all matter was composed of small impenetrable nuclei or atoms, incapable of further division. The theory, being opposed by mathematicians, was dropped, but revived by Dalton, who proved the probability that bodies only united in certain proportions, or in multiples of those proportions. He considered matter to be composed of atoms of the same size, but differing in weight. Dr. Playfair next alluded to the method of ascertaining the bulk of a body by the simple division of its combining proportions by its specific gravity. Having thus prefaced his lecture, Dr. Playfair entered into an explanation of the results of his own researches in connection with Mr. Joul. All bodies have, as far as bulk is concerned, a direct relationship, and all the matter of the universe are multiples of the eighth part of the bulk of ice,—that this eighth part of the bulk of ice is what the lecturer terms the primitive bulk, for the reason before stated. All bodies, then, are multiples of this primitive bulk, or the eighth part of the bulk of ice. Thus, for example, an atom of lead is eight times the primitive bulk, or the equivalent of ice. Oxygen is twice the primitive bulk, and if two be added to the bulk of the metals, the bulk of the oxides will be obtained. The lecturer next explained the apparatus by which the experiments which confirmed the theory were performed. It consisted simply of a glass bulb, with a small ground stopper, and terminating in a long glass tube, accurately gradu-

ated into water-grain measures. This was rested on a wooden support, at a convenient angle, was filled to Zero with turpentine, and twenty grains of the substance to be tried was introduced. The increase on the graduated scale, of course, gave the specific gravity. In all the experiments it was found that there was no such thing as chance bulk, or the fraction of the primitive bulk, but that the law above stated was invariable. The discoveries thus made explained in the simplest manner facts which had hitherto defied all attempts at explanation; and this was particularly the case in reference to dimorphism. It is known to most of our readers that the diamond, charcoal, and graphite or black lead, are all three pure forms of carbon, and yet they are vastly different in form, have different densities, and hitherto no relation whatever could be proved between them, nor could philosophers understand why the same substance should assume such different forms. A vast number of other bodies exhibited the same apparent anomalies. For instance, iodide of mercury, a bright red substance, if heated over a spirit-lamp, changed to a bright yellow colour without any alteration in its composition; and it might again be changed into a bright red by the mere alteration of the arrangement of its particles—by compression for example. Now by this fact relative to bulks this apparent anomaly was explained. Thus charcoal was five bulks compared to primitive bulk. Take away one bulk and we have graphite consisting of four bulks, and lastly, the diamond of three bulks. Between arragonite and calc spa, substances which have sorely puzzled mineralogists, one volume or bulk was the sole difference. Thus much in reference to solids, and the lecturer next referred to liquids. Allowing water to be in bulk nine grains, if any matter be dissolved in it the increase will always be a multiple of 9, but never any fractional part; and further, all substances dissolved in water assume the bulk of water, or a multiple of it; and here a most curious and astonishing fact presents itself, namely, that in some bodies certain of their constituents cease to occupy appreciable space. The instance selected was sugar, which consists of 12 volumes of carbon, 11 of hydrogen, and 11 of oxygen. The two latter will form 11 volumes of water, and if the sugar be added to 9 grains of water, the result is a multiple of the bulk of water, namely, 99; but the 12 atoms of carbon have entirely disappeared. In the case of alum, no less than 108 of these bulks or atoms disappear, where or how it is utterly impossible to state. The whole of these facts give us a further insight into the constitution of matter, and at least prove that the Daltonian theory of the hard impenetrable atoms cannot be correct, for if it were true how is it possible that they could disappear? They rather tend to prove the truth of the hypothesis of Faraday, that the real difference of all matter may be in the difference of the centres of force. At the conclusion of the lecture, the secretary, the Rev. J. Barlow, announced that Professor Faraday would deliver the next lecture; and that after Easter a course of evening lectures on Agricultural Chemistry would be delivered by Professor Playfair.—*Daily News*.

FIRE ESCAPES.—The late fire in Crawford-street, attended with the loss of several lives, in circumstances the most horrible, revives the question why the only sure and simple fire escape is not adopted—contiguous balconies to bed-room floors? We have contended that no reliance is to be placed on the contrivances for escape depending on external aid. We pointed out the objection to the machine used at the Crawford-street fire, that it was likely to catch fire, or that the persons descending in it might be enveloped in the flames bursting from the windows, and actually burnt in the fire escape. And this apprehension was realised on the late tragical occasion. The machine was of no use, and the poor fellow working it was seriously, if not fatally, injured by its failure. For the success of this foolish machine it must always arrive in time, it must be worked with dexterity, not very compatible with great hurry, and the flames must not burst out far from the building. The unfortunate sufferers in Crawford-street attempted in vain to escape by the trap-door to the roof. Now, instead of all these horrors, let us suppose that there had been a balcony to the bed-room floor contiguous to balconies to the corresponding chambers of the next door houses. In that case the inmates of the house would not have had the agony of finding their escape cut off. They would not have had to rush to the trap-door, and to be driven from it by the suffocating clouds

of smoke; they would not have had the horror of seeing the staircase in flames; they would simply have had to step out into the balcony and to pass into the next, with no more trouble or danger than getting over a stile. But as we have before remarked, the certainty and simplicity of this escape are against the adoption of it, and some gimcrack piece of machinery will be preferred liable to the objections, that it is either not to be had when wanted, not properly used, or not suited to the particular circumstances. And what are the objections to the infallible escape by the balconies, available for the aged and infirm, whose descent by the best-contrived machinery would be an affair of much difficulty and danger, but who could be conveyed along the balcony as easily as along an internal gallery or corridor? The apprehension that the access will be used for improper purposes. But if there be this danger, is not the danger of fire far greater? It is a peril always besetting you. You can never lay your head on your pillow with any security against it. Remember always that you live in a tinder-box. If, then, you must take the choice of exposure to the danger of robbery or profligacy, or of being burnt to death, or of losing those dear to you by the most horrible of deaths, can you hesitate about the risks to be preferred for the more important security? But people see no danger in drawing-room balconies, which would be more available for bad purposes than bed-room ones, as the person sleeping in a bed-room, if not an accomplice, would guard the entrance, whereas in drawing-rooms, there is no one in the dead of the night to raise an alarm. Drawing-room floor balconies are of the smallest use for good or bad purposes, and therefore there is no objection to them. Bed-room balconies would be infallible life-preservers in the event of fire, and prejudice attaches to the idea of them for the most frivolous reason. But the truth is, that there is very little reflection on the danger of fire, and consequently the fear of any slight inconvenience weighs against the only sure mode of escape. When the misfortune happens, people are frightened out of their wits they have never exercised in providing against it. We must not omit to mention, that in the Crawford-street fire one person, who with great difficulty saved his life, owed his escape to the balcony on the first floor.—*Examiner*.

NEW STEAM ENGINE.—At the Paris Academy of Science a communication was made by Dr. Paltrinieri, on a new steam engine, magnetic engine, and other machines in which the moving power is applied simultaneously, by action and reaction, to the work to be performed, being illustrations of a system for obtaining all motive powers and maximum of effect. Dr. Paltrinieri conceives that the maximum of effect is to be obtained by applying simultaneously the action and reaction of every motive power with equal velocities to the production of the useful effect. He exhibited a double turbine, in which the water, steam, or other moving fluid, is applied by means of two concentric wheels, through which the fluid passes successively, and by this means he showed that a residual effect, which is lost on the ordinary single wheel, would be converted to use by the double. He showed the same results in the case of his new magnetic engine, and he illustrated the fact by a machine in which the constant force of a spring is applied to raise a weight, first by having one bend released and the other fixed, and next by releasing both bends simultaneously, and in which latter case the maximum of effect is utilised. The machines were simple in their construction.

THE VALUE OF SMOKE.—A striking instance of economic talent came to our knowledge in the district of Alston Moor. From the smelting earths of one "house," an arched tunnel conducts the smoke to an outlet at a distance from the works, in a waste spot, where no one can complain of it. The gathering matter or "fume" resulting from the passage of the smoke is annually submitted to a process, by which at that time it yielded enough to pay for the construction of a chimney. A similar tunnel chimney three miles in length was erecting at Allendale. Its fume will yield thousands of pounds sterling per annum. Truly, here it may be said that smoke does not end in smoke.—*British Quarterly Review*.

INDIAN CORN BREAD.—Mr. Gibbons has been engaged for some time past in making numerous experiments, for the purpose of ascertaining in what proportions and with what qualities of English flour the Indian meal may be mixed with most advantage; and he has succeeded in producing a very

wholesome and palatable description of bread. The mixture of one pound of Indian flour with four pounds of English, and of one pound with three pounds, gives very satisfactory results, the bread being sweeter than that usually sold by bakers. We have tasted samples of these, and of biscuits, or "crackers," prepared in the usual manner. From the natural sweetness of the Indian flour, it will be found a valuable ingredient in many articles of confectionery. The price, we regret to say, is at present high—about 40s. per quarter—owing to the limited supply as yet in the market, and the uncertainty of the ultimate success of the Corn-law Repeal Bill. But when it reaches its natural level, we presume it will fall to nearly half the present price, and will then become a cheap as well as a pleasant and nutritious food.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

THE DOUBLE COMET.—This comet is about a degree under, and a little to the north of α (e) Andromedæ, with a right ascension this evening of 0h. 31m. 45s. and declination 30 deg. 30 min. north. It is now nearest the sun, and it is still visible to the naked eye in the absence of the moon, but faint. On the 11th of this month its right ascension was 14 deg. 11 min. and its declination 22 deg. 15 min. north. It is an extraordinary and indeed an unprecedented cometary phenomenon, for the appearance of a double comet cannot be found on record; nor can we find a parallel of two comets being only a few degrees distant, and following each other in a direct line in a retrograde motion, as is the case at present, —*Observatory, Gosport, March 27*.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Reichenbach's Researches on Magnetism.

(THIRD NOTICE.)

THE sensations produced by the proximity of the magnet are not confined to the diseased:—

A large proportion of persons, both nervous and apparently healthy, are sensitive to the action of a magnet, when drawn or passed downwards along their person. In every town numbers may be found who are so. Now, every one of these, as yet tried, perceives the same effects, only weaker, from substances of all kinds along which the magnet has been drawn, as are caused by the magnet.

And the same effects were observed with crystals: both the pole of the magnet and the pole of the crystal affected the human nerves equally. The next step in discovery is thus described:—

We have now, in this investigation, arrived at the threshold of the so-called Animal Magnetism. This "*noli me tangere*" may now be laid hold of. If the author drew a magnet several times downwards from the head to the feet of Mdlle. Sturmann, she became insensible, and fell into convulsions, generally cataleptic. The same result followed when the large rock-crystal was used in the same way. But the author could also produce the same effect with his hands alone; therefore, the crystalline force of the magnet and of the crystal was also found in his hand.

The series of experiments by which this was ascertained is extremely interesting. It was found that the power varied in different individuals; that it was greater in men than in women, and that it could be conveyed through other bodies. The most singular experiment, he says, is that with a glass of water:—

If it be grasped from below by the fingers of one hand, and from above by those of the other, during a few minutes, it has now acquired, to the sensitive, the taste, smell, and all other singular and surprising properties of the so-called magnetised water. "Against this statement," says the author, "all those may cry out who have never investigated the matter, and to the number of whom I formerly belonged; but of the fact, all those who have submitted to the labour of investigation, and have seen the effects I allude to, can only speak with amazement." This water, which is quite identical with that treated with the magnet or with the crystal in all its essential properties, has, therefore, received from the fingers

and hand an abundant charge of the peculiar force residing in them, and retains this charge for some time, and with some force. It was found that all substances whatever were capable of receiving this charge, which the sensitive patients invariably detected. The inevitable conclusion is, that the influence residing in the human hand may be collected in other bodies, in the same way and the same extent as the influence residing in crystals.

We have not room for the many delicate tests by which the Baron endeavoured to ascertain whether this influence existing in the animal body was polarised. But the results satisfied him that it was so. Hence he deduces that, not improbably, this influence, which we term magnetism, is the power by which, in crystals, crystallization is effected, and that in organized beings it is vitality, and produces that peculiar form of organization.

It was further ascertained that the current is continually maintained between the two sides of the body, and, consequently, that the chief axis of polarity in man is transverse; we are polarised transversely, and in fact all our organs are double, and opposed to each other transversely.

It appears, therefore, from these researches, that all the symmetrically arranged organs of the body, and especially the hands, exhibit a difference, which is caused by a magnetic polar opposition; and that consequently there exists a dualism of the fundamental influence above alluded to, exactly as we have seen it to exist in crystals.

— Upon this Dr. GREGORY observes,

It appears to me that the author, by the above series of researches, has established, in a purely inductive way, the all-important fact or principle, that there exists in nature a force, different from magnetism (although forming part of the total force of magnets), and capable of acting from one individual to another, even without contact. Also, that this force may be communicated to different portions of matter. Already these discoveries place beyond doubt some of the most important statements and assertions of Mesmer and his followers, and afford the means of investigating, experimentally, these very interesting phenomena. I may add, that I have already been enabled to confirm some of his statements in regard to the action, on a sensitive person, of magnets, of crystals, and of the hand.

At the commencement of the fourth section the Baron states the results of his investigations so far. We take them as he has given them.

Not only do crystals act on healthy and diseased sensitive persons, but the earth's magnetism does so likewise. The action of the latter is so powerful, that very sensitive patients can only lie in one position, that with the head to the north and the feet to the south. Every other line is disagreeable to them, and in many cases, that from west to east is quite intolerable, nay, even dangerous to life.

All the reactions of magnets, crystals, &c. on such patients are essentially altered when any change is made in their direction with respect to the earth's magnetism.

Pure iron, when magnetised by contact with a magnet, does not retain any permanent magnetism when separated from the magnet. But it has, notwithstanding, acquired a peculiar power, by which it is capable of producing decided and strong effects on sensitive persons.

The magnet yields this unknown something, not to iron alone, but to all solid matter without exception, including the living body.

This something, in all bodies either directly charged with it or rendered active by its distribution, acts on sensitive patients exactly as the magnet on crystals, and must therefore be identical with the peculiar agent residing in them.

In like manner, living persons, especially with their hands and fingers, are capable of acting on sensitive patients and healthy individuals, if sensitive.

This force, which has been called Animal Magnetism, has the following properties: it is, namely, conductible through other bodies; it may be communicated to other bodies either

by directly charging them or by its dispersion. It soon disappears, but not immediately, from bodies charged with it. It assumes a polar arrangement in the animal body, by virtue of its apparent dualism. It has no marked relation to the Earth's magnetism. It attracts mechanically the hands of cataleptic patients, and its presence is associated with luminous phenomena. In all these points it agrees with the force of crystals, with which it coincides, and in all particulars obeys the same physical laws as that force.

But it was speedily found that these were not all the sources of this pervading influence. The sun's rays were discovered to possess it in a great degree. A number of experiments are minutely detailed, by which this is satisfactorily established.

The author then proceeds to inquire "whether luminous phenomena are connected with the new solar force?" He found that they were. He then tried the effects of the different rays of light, and he discovered that the maximum of light, the maximum of heat, and the maximum of magnetic power in the spectrum have each their peculiar and well-marked action upon the nerves. Similar experiments were tried with the moon, and from them it followed

That the moonlight is not mere moonlight; that, although it conveys no heat, it yet possesses along with it, light, a powerful hidden influence which, in all respects, agrees with that residing in magnets, crystals, the human hand, and the sun's rays.

Heat, friction, and artificial light were also found to be sources of this influence.

Chemical action was found to be equally productive of it, and its source in the human frame is supposed to be chemical changes incessantly going on by means of the organs of digestion—thus confirming, or rather coinciding with, the discoveries of LIEBIG.

Chemical action yields abundantly the active principle of the crystalline force: the human body overflows with this influence; man digests, respire, the change of matter goes on within him, as do combination and decomposition, so that chemical action goes on at every moment. It is, consequently, certain, that from the play of affinities, or, in a word, from the chemical action of the human body, the still mysterious force whose existence is established by these researches, must proceed.

The origin of many a ghost story is now explained. This new force is visible to sensitive persons in the form of a vaporous flame, when chemical decomposition is going on. The Baron proved this satisfactorily by the following interesting experiments:—

This desire induced the author to try the experiment of bringing, if possible, a highly sensitive patient, by night, to a churchyard. It appeared possible that such a person might see, over graves, in which mouldering bodies lie, something similar to that which Billing had seen. Mlle. Reichel had the courage, rare in her sex, to gratify this wish of the author. On two very dark nights she allowed herself to be taken from the castle of Reisenberg, where she was living, with the author's family, to the neighbouring churchyard of Grünzing. The result justified his anticipation in the most beautiful manner. She very soon saw a light, and observed on one of the graves, along its length, a delicate, breathing flame: she also saw the same thing, only weaker, on a second grave. But she saw neither witches nor ghosts: she described the fiery appearance as a shining vapour, one to two spans high, extending as far as the grave, and floating near its surface. Some time afterwards she was taken to two large cemeteries near Vienna, where several burials occur daily, and graves lie about by thousands. Here she saw numerous graves provided with similar lights. Wherever she looked, she saw luminous masses scattered about. But this appearance was most vivid over the newest graves, while in the oldest it could not be perceived. She described the appearance less as a clear flame, than as a dense vaporous mass of fire, intermediate between fog and flame. On many graves the

flame was four feet high, so that when she stood on them, it surrounded her up to the neck. If she thrust her hand into it, it was like putting it into a dense fiery cloud. She betrayed no uneasiness, because she had all her life been accustomed to such emanations, and had seen the same, in the author's experiments, often produced by natural causes. Many ghost stories will now find their natural explanation. We can also see, that it was not altogether erroneous when old women declared that all had not the gift to see the departed wandering about their graves: for it must have always been the sensitive alone who were able to perceive the light given out by the chemical action going on in the corpse. The author has thus, he hopes, succeeded in tearing down one of the most impenetrable barriers erected by dark ignorance and superstitious folly against the progress of natural truth.

And here we pause again.

THE subjoined argumentative and temperate letter, in reply to "Scrutator," in the *Dublin Evening Mail*, we transfer from the columns of the *Cheltenham Free Press*. It will add to the value of it, in the opinion of our readers, if we state that it is the production of a gentleman who has, with an earnest and truth-seeking spirit, long applied himself to the investigation of the phenomena of Mesmerism.—ED. CRITIC.

SIR,—A letter in the *Dublin Evening Mail*, signed "Scrutator," having lately been forwarded to me, perhaps you will kindly afford a small space in your journal for a few remarks on this intended heavy blow and discouragement to Mesmerism and Mesmerisers. The article in question contains many *half-truths*, is written with apparent candour, and well suited to the prejudices of those for whom, and at whose desire, it was apparently composed—those who are predetermined that there is nothing and shall be nothing in this (by them) detested subject—and also calculated to mislead those who are really anxious for the truth, but have not leisure to search for it themselves.

"Scrutator" commences by reproaching the animal magnetists for calling themselves disciples of Mesmer, "and yet departing from the principles and practice of their Master." Now what is the real state of the case? Why that almost all the English writers and practitioners use the word Mesmerism avowedly for want of a better name, and because they consider that it does not bind them down to any particular theory so much as the terms "Animal Magnetism" or "Vital Magnetism" may be thought to do. But they trace the discovery to ages before Mesmer's time, and whatever merit may be attributed to Mesmer himself, his theories are not necessarily embraced because his facts were true. It is not unlikely that in the earlier days of the study of that science which is named from its originator, GALVANISM, some philosophers were reproached as *deserters of their master*, because they did not adopt the exact theory of Galvani. The experiments of the alchemists laid the foundation of our present chemical knowledge, but chemists do not on that account believe in the transmutation of metals, or call themselves the disciples of the alchemists. Many persons prefer the name of "Vital Magnetism" as best expressing the effects produced by the operator's manipulations. Some believe the *will* to be the great acting power; and that to will energetically is sufficient without any manipulations; some again attribute the effect to the influence of the "imagination"—that wonderful, mysterious, and convenient agent, so much spoken of by the learned; that agent which so kindly steps in to cut the Gordian knot in so many difficulties; that useful word which explains so many diseases that want a name; that great producer of all phenomena not noticed in our *physiology*; that which at once is the torment of the hysterical, and the glory of the poet! that which stands for anything and so often means nothing. How far this or any of the above-mentioned agents has a share in the production of the Mesmeric phenomena, is to be determined by investigation. We are first to inquire whether man can produce certain effects on his fellow man; and whether by such means he can afford relief to the afflicted. The *modus operandi* is for after consideration, and possibly may never be quite satisfactorily explained.

Query—Is not the train of "Scrutator's" argument much like that of the "Historic Doubts?" E. G. such and such *portions* of the history of Napoleon Buonaparte are quite incredible; some of the accounts contradict each other. If we are to believe *all* that we are told, we must believe in *two or three* Buonapartes; therefore, we had better reject the whole as a humbug.

With respect to the phreno-mesmeric experiments narrated by "Scrutator," nothing can be more absurd than the whole account. On such occasions (supposing truth really to be the object) the name of an organ should not be uttered, either to lead or mislead. The organs to be excited ought to be written down, and handed to the operator, who should (unless the patient is known to be utterly ignorant of the details of phrenology) point at, and not touch the head, which will often, though not always, be sufficient. In the case mentioned by "Scrutator," the somewhat stale trick of trying to mislead the patient by words was resorted to; and a state well known to phreno-mesmerists, and called "suggestive dreaming," was the result. They could beforehand have told "Scrutator" what would probably take place when *Acquisitiveness* was named and *Conscientiousness* touched; in many cases the appeal to the sense of hearing* would be stronger than that of touch, and a state of mind induced in the patient which would lead him to steal, and yet be perfectly unaware that any words had been spoken. Dr. Abercrombie, in his valuable work on the "Intellectual Powers," at page 265, mentions several analogous cases, where persons during their natural sleep could be made to dream any thing the bystanders might choose, by merely whispering into their ears. If "Scrutator," however, means to insinuate that the patient alluded to was *acting*, he proves too much; for it is very unlikely that a patient *trained*, and wide awake, would make such a stupid mistake as to confound the localities of two such very differently situated organs as *Conscientiousness* and *Acquisitiveness*.

We now come to the offer of the 100*l.* note. It is required that the Clairvoyant should describe all the particulars of the note or bill, including number, signature, &c. and also read three English words. Now, to those who have not seen many Clairvoyant cases, this appears to be a noble offer, an extremely fair challenge, and an experiment the Mesmerisers ought to be quite satisfied with. And so ought they, did they ever assert Clairvoyance to be a *perfect* faculty. Alexis, one of the most successful instances of its manifestations, missed the prize offered in France, because he could only make out the word "potuit," which, he said, was the third word of a Latin sentence. Now here was quite sufficient to prove his possession of the disputed faculty, but not enough to win the money. Again, I heard him once describe a 5*l.* Bank of England note, enclosed in a piece of paper. On one side of the paper was written an account of what it contained, and on the other side the letters A. W. the whole placed in a flexible leather card-case, which was wrapped in paper, and sealed; this parcel was presented to Alexis by a sceptical medical practitioner. Alexis said that the parcel contained two sorts of paper, and that there was both writing and printing in it; he then took a pencil and wrote on a piece of paper the letters "A. W." which he said was written inside, and which he wrote with a colon after each letter; he said the packet also contained a miniature of the Queen in ink with flowers round it, and that he could make out the word "England." If any one will take the trouble of folding a 5*l.* note three times, he will find the figure of Britannia uppermost, and at the last fold, immediately behind the figures, the word "England" presents itself. This partial success, although in my opinion sufficient to convince any reasonable man, was not enough to have gained the 100*l.* Had there been collusion in this case, why did he not describe the whole? If there was none, was the A. W. with the colons a lucky guess? (This experiment is narrated at full length in THE CRITIC of Oct. 15, 1844.)

A very common objection to these experiments on the part of sceptics is the following:—"Why," say they, "can Clairvoyants do such things, and no more? How is it that they succeed in reading one word and not a whole sentence?" To such I would offer the converse of "Scrutator's" favourite il-

* Patients are not invariably deaf during the Mesmeric sleep; with some the sense of hearing is more acute than in the natural state. Sometimes they are deaf to some sounds and alive to others, like any absent man.

tration: "How is it, gentlemen, that you can jump three yards and not twelve?"

"Scrutator" demands how the phenomena of phreno-magnetism can be reconciled with "the received notions of moral agency." Will he be so good as to explain what *are* the received notions? Are they such as *he* can reconcile with the well-known effects produced by strong liquors, intoxicating drugs, and some other powerful medicines, which we know are not seldom administered secretly for the worst purposes?

In conclusion, allow me to suppose the following case:—A writer against Mesmerism expresses his conviction of the *whole* of animal magnetism being a delusion; the same writer, in *private*, declares his conviction that there *is* a powerful agent operating. Will Scrutator maintain that such discrepancy between the *published* and *private* opinion is conformable to "the generally received notions of moral rectitude?"

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Dover, March 24.

INVESTIGATOR.

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A stamped copy of *THE CRITIC* sent by post to any Bookseller, or keeper of a Circulating Library, for his own use, at the cost of the stamp and paper only, on payment of not less than half-a-year's subscription (5s. 5d.) in advance, which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.

OPINIONS OF THE CRITIC.

J. and G. Gryder, Phrenological Booksellers and Publishers, Glasgow, beg to express their high approval of the talent, independence, and impartiality with which *THE CRITIC* is conducted. The Reviews are most interesting, and the whole work such as the trade have long desired; it cannot but be successful.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

VISIBLE AND IDEAL BEAUTY.—On Friday, the 27th ult. Mr. E. H. Burrington, of Bridgwater, delivered an excellent lecture on "Visible and Ideal Beauty," at the Exeter Athenæum. Mr. Burrington is a true son of genius, and bids fair to rank high among the poets of Devon. The lecture was imaginative and practical, the evident emanation of a sensitive, powerful, and creative mind. The language was elegant and classical. He said Visible Beauty was less powerful than Ideal Beauty, because it is less frequently with us. The mind is more active than the eye, and will search out for itself what most delights it. His illustrations of the flower of the wilderness—the reflection of the star in the waters—and the roar in the sea shell—were truly admirable. He spoke with warmth of the joyous and pure feelings of childhood, and argued that the unalloyed delight of the child arose from the ideal beauty in the mind. He then passed on to notice the two powers of Ideal and Visible Beauty, as shewn in poetry on the one hand, and painting and sculpture on the other, and said they are not sufficiently recognised as beauties. The pen of the poet, the pencil of the painter, and the chisel of the sculptor, he observed, were more powerful than the sceptres of monarchs, because the law of beauty always renders less necessary the law of authority. He said every man must be the creator of beauty for himself, and that the Greeks, more than any other people, strove after the ideal beauty of love, but they could not divest it of corporeal attributes. They tried to embody a nonentity, first through the instrumentality of the poet, and afterwards in a less perfect degree, through the agency of the sculptor. They failed in their endeavours to exhibit a splendour of the mind by the coarser exhibition of a substance. In commenting on the philosophy of nature, he justly observed that nature writes in pictures, and declares all her relations by the help of forms. Shakspeare heard her speak oracles from babbling brooks, and utter sermons from silent stones, and those only can hear what Shakspeare heard by cultivating, as he did, the creative idea, which is the soul of beauty. He said, "Let us not lose sight of this philosophy, for the light of stars is not more surely reflected in the waters than the light of great and generous actions will be

reflected in the heart of humanity. A man cannot be good and generous without coming in contact with other men, and it is evident that a single superior mind affects, and that powerfully, the aggregate mind with which it associates. These aggregate minds are to the single superior mind what the waters are to the stars—for the vital principle of the soul is reflection—and every man who seeks after ideal beauty will find it in his own improvable and improving being." He concluded by stating that beauty is not an isolated splendour, but reigning throughout all splendours, the genius, the life, and spirit of all. The lecturer absorbed the attention of his audience throughout. They frequently testified their approbation by hearty bursts of applause. The thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Burrington for his brilliant lecture.—*Western Times*.

A TROPHY.—The following inscription, in the Persian language, was on one of the guns taken at Ferozeshah. We are indebted to Professor Shakespear, the learned author of the Hindustani Dictionary (and we might almost say of the Hindustani language) for the translation:—

Like a dragon I bear in mind and on body many an old burn (or scar).

O foe, be on thy guard from me; I have fire in my mouth.

O straight-faced (perhaps intending, *O friendly-disposed*), the gun (is) from the Nabob renowned,

In the rectitude and fulness of heart (valour) of himself (unequaled):

A dragon in breath, a lion in disposition, one delighting in war:

A serpent, and a gem-possessing (serpent), and the (lord) of a treasure.*

Below the above verses, in prose, is the following:—

"The property of the Nabob Muhammad Shujaa Bahadur Saf-dar-jang (rank-breaker in battle), the year 1182 of the Prophetical Hijra. Name, *Koh-shikan* (mountain-breaker). In weight 102 (maunds): the ball of the size of the mouth (of the gun); and the powder half the weight of the ball."—*Times*.

ALLOWANCES ON PAPER.—A parliamentary return of the sums paid as allowances on paper used in the printing of books in the Latin, Greek, Oriental, or Northern languages, within the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, of Scotland, and of Dublin, for the last ten years. We present the totals:—

Oxford	£667	17	8
Cambridge	71	4	8
Scotland	145	9	7
Dublin	5	19	9

Total £890 11 8

This return is exclusive of the allowance of the duty on paper used in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and in the university of Trinity College, Dublin, or used by the Queen's printers in England, Scotland, and Ireland, respectively, in the printing of bibles, testaments, psalm books, books of common prayer of the Church of England, the book commonly known in Scotland by the name of "The Confession of Faith," or the larger or shorter catechism of the Church of Scotland.

A GREAT PRINTING OFFICE.—We copy from Dickinson's Almanack, for 1846, an account of his immense printing office, in Boston:—The office of the Rotary Press covers an area of 14,283 square feet, embracing fifteen rooms. It is lighted by day by 1,664 squares of glass set in 100 different windows; and by night by gas shooting up from 100 different burners. In those premises we have one steam-engine of ten-horse power, three Adam's power presses, two Napier presses, three rotary presses, two Ruggie's job presses, eleven hand presses, two copperplate presses, two embossing presses, one hydraulic press, four standing presses, one small power press, two paper cutters, three card cutters, one ink-mill, and four machines for shaving stereotype plates, two of which are moved by steam-power. We have more than 400 different styles of types, borders, flowers, and cuts of various sorts, in weight 30,000lbs. These are all held in their places by means of 866 type cases, of brass galleys, 200 feet standing galleys, 330 chases, and 3 bushels of coins. We have two large cisterns,

* A serpent is believed to bear a most valuable gem in his head, and to be the guardian of treasure.

which contain about 1,000 gallons, or upwards of 18 hog-heads of water. This is distributed through every part of the office, by means of 500 feet of lead pipe. We use six hog-heads of water per day, which, supposing it was brought in buckets, would take one man 13½ hours each day to furnish, allowing him to bring four gallons every ten minutes. Our various presses threw off in the course of the year, 6,069,480 sheets of paper, or 12,645 reams. Supposing each sheet to be but 2½ feet long, and that they were placed in one continuous line, they would stretch out to 15,173,700 feet, or nearly 2,875 miles, about the distance from here to Europe. It is computed that we have printed the past year 130,240,000 pages of books, 64,000 circulars, 25,000 commercial and lawyers' blanks, 20,000 cheques, 25,000 billets, 500,000 bill-heads, 300,000 shop bills and hand-bills, and 2,000,000 of labels. We have cut up, printed, embossed, and sold 1,201,520 cards, or 24,030 packs. Our average consumption of coal is over two tons a week, or more than 100 tons a year. Besides our 100 gas burners, we use about 150 gallons of oil for extra lights and machinery. For our various printing it takes 1,200 pounds of ink per annum, besides gold leaf, bronze, and size. In our type and stereotype foundry we have used the past year 50,000 lbs. of metal, and turned out 7,000 stereotype plates of various sizes and shapes. In our whole establishment we employ usually about 100 hands, and it is safe to conclude that our office affords direct sustenance to about 500 persons."—*Boston Paper*.

ROMANO-BRITISH ANTIQUITIES.—Many years ago an exceedingly interesting and curious collection of antiquities was found on Polden-hill, Somersetshire, comprising 83 pieces, consisting of bronze bits of bridles, buckles for harness, rings ornamented with curious projections, bosses of shields, fibulae, hooks, strigils, hilts of swords, and other interesting objects. Some of these pieces had been inlaid with precious stones and silver, many beautifully engraved, and all of them in the highest state of preservation. The collection fell into the hands of Mr. Anstice, of Bridgewater, a gentleman distinguished for his antiquarian lore. On the decease of Mr. Anstice, in 1845, his antiquarian collections were forwarded to London, for sale by auction, and were dispersed under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby and Co. on Monday last, when these Romano-British antiquities produced 100 guineas, having been purchased, we believe, for the British Museum. Among other objects in the sale was a portrait of Charles I. embroidered, we understand, by his daughter during their confinement in Carisbrook Castle. This lot was purchased by Mr. Hertz, the well-known antiquary, of Great Marlborough-street, for 15*l*.

THE LATE MR. LOUDON.—We are happy to learn that a pension for life of 100*l*. per annum has been granted by her Majesty to Mrs. Loudon. Sir Robert Peel has just communicated to Mrs. Loudon this act of beneficence. To her it will be doubly grateful, as it is conferred in consideration of her deceased husband's labours and writings on subjects of natural science.

Lord Aberdeen has, we find, resigned the presidency of the Society of Antiquaries—recommending that body to elect some one to the dignity who has leisure to bestow personal attention on their affairs.

A son of Thomas Moore, the poet, who was serving in the French Foreign Legion in Africa, died lately in that country, to the universal regret of his regiment.—*Globe*.

At a recent public meeting at Cambridge, very numerous attended, the three professors, Whewell, Peacock, and Sedgwick, happened to sit next to one another. Professor Sedgwick, having well scrutinized the audience, remarked to his two friends, "I really think we're the three ugliest men here," upon which Professor Whewell, with some little sharpness, said, "Speak for yourself, sir; speak for yourself." But the best thing is, that the Master of Trinity supported the justice of his colleague's remark, by far the most of the trio.

SALE OF ARCHITECTURAL BOOKS AND PRINTS.—Some of our readers may thank us for directing their attention to the sale of part of Mr. Britton's library advertised in another part of the paper, to take place on Monday and following days, at Mr. Fletcher's room in Piccadilly. It embraces a large number of useful and important books and some excellent drawings.—*Builder*.

NEW HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE.—The March number of Knight's cheap "Pictorial Gallery of Arts," contains the commencement of an illustrated history of architecture. The current number brings it down to the Roman period, and affords a large amount of useful information.—*Ibid*.

WORKS OF LIVING FRENCH ARTISTS.—The annual exhibition at the Louvre opened on the 16th ult. 2,500 works are exhibited, and 2,300 have been returned. This is the seventy-ninth exhibition.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From March 28 to April 4.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Arrowsmith's Modern Geography, new improved edit. 12mo. 6s. bd.—Abbe's of Minsk's Personal Narrative of the Seven Years' Persecution of Her and Her Nuns, fc. 8vo. 1s. cl.—Aird's (D.M.) Self-Instructing French Grammar, 4th edit. 1s. 6d. bds.—Ayckbourn's Chancery Practice, 2nd edit. 12mo. 14s. bds.
- Bogue's European Library, Vol. VI. "Michelet's Life of Luther," trans. by Hazlitt, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Burn's (Jabez) Mothers of the Wise and Good, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
- Concise Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture, abridged, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl. gilt.—Christison's Easy French Grammar, 4th edit. 18mo. 1s. 4d. cl.—Clarke's Cabinet Series, "Sigismund Forster," by Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn, imp. 32mo. 1s. 6d. swd.—Collection of Special Acts on Railways, 8 & 9 Vict. 2 vols. 12mo. 24s. cl.—Chambers's Geographical Questions and Exercises, 18mo. 2s. bd.—Creation, a Vision of the Soul, by a Christian Platonist, crown 8vo. 5s.
- Dodd's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage of Great Britain and Ireland, Sixth Year, fc. 8vo. 9s. cl.—Drake's (L.) Heroes of England, 3rd edit. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl.—D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation (Oliver and Boyd's Standard Edition) revised and corrected by Author, Vol. I. post 8vo. 3s. cl.
- Euripidis Hippolytus, with English Notes, and a Selection from the Scholia, by C. D. Yonge, B.A. 8vo. 5s. cl.—English-woman's Family Library, Vol. II. "Daughters of England," by Mrs. Ellis, fc. 5s. cl.—Emilia Wyndham, by Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," &c. 31s. 6d.
- Foster's (T. esq. *The Times'* Commissioner) Letters on the Condition of the People of Ireland, 8vo. 18s. cl.
- Halliday's Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, 8vo. 21s. cl.—Hine's (J.) One Hundred Original Tales for Children, 12mo. 4s. cl.
- James's (G. P. R.) Works, Vol. VIII. "The Robber," med. 8vo. 8s. cl.
- Kennedy's (Capt.) Algeria and Tunis in 1845, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
- Lawrence's (Maj.) Adventures in the Punjab, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 21s. cl.
- Michelet's Life of Luther, trans. by G. H. Smith, med. 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd. ditto, The People, trans. by ditto, medium 8vo. 1s. 4d. swd. (Whittaker's Popular Library.)—Michelet's "Priests, Women and Families," and "The People," trans. by Cocks, cheap edition, 2 vols. in 1, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
- New Timon, a Romance of London, 3rd edit. post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Naturalist's Library, Vol. VII. People's Edition, "Humming Birds," Vol. II. fc. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
- Parker's Discourses of Matters pertaining to Religion, post 8vo. 7s. cl.
- Rhymes by a Poetaster, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Recollections of a French Marchioness, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
- Step-mother, by G. P. R. James, esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Smith's (late Rev. Sydney) Sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Foundling Hospital, &c. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Sharpe's London Magazine, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Scenes in the Life of a Soldier of Fortune, by a Member of the Imperial Guard, 12mo. 5s. cl.
- Transactions of the Medical Society of London, New Series, Vol. I. 9s.

Webb's (Mrs.) *Reflections on the History of Noah*, 8vo. 3s. cl.—*Wheeler's Hand-Book of Anatomy for Artists*, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Waverley Novels* (Abbotsford Edit.) Vol. X. royal 8vo. 28s. cl. 42s. mor.
Young's (Prof.) *Three Lectures on Mathematical Study*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Mahon's *History of England*, 8vo. Vol. IV.
Bridge-water Treatises, complete, either in boards or bound.

GLEANINGS,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT REMAINS.—At the Temple farm, on the banks of the Medway, a short distance above Rochester-bridge, formerly possessed by the Knights Templars, who in the reign of Henry II. had a noble mansion there, Mr. Everist has recently commenced extensive works in brick-making, and on Wednesday last the workmen, at the depth of about seven feet, came to a human skeleton, lying on its back, with the hands folded on the chest; a spear head was lying on the lower part of the chest, and a weapon, which appears to have been a dagger, on the left-hand side of the skeleton. The spear-head is 6½ inches in length, and has a socket in which to insert the handle, but no trace of this, or of a handle of the dagger, was found. The dagger is 8½ inches long, and composed of two separate pieces, viz., a blade and a narrow flat piece of iron for a hilt, which appear to have been imperfectly welded, or bound together with some perishable material. Portions of Roman flue and common tiles had been used to fill up the grave, from which it may be inferred that the interment took place during the latter period of the occupation of this island by the Romans. On Saturday another skeleton was discovered, which appeared to have been carelessly thrown into its grave, as it was lying on its side, with one arm on its back, and the knees bent almost at right angles. With the latter no other remains were found.

CHIEF OUTWARD CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GENT.—It should be borne in mind that the main object of the Gent is, to assume a position which he conceives to be superior to his own. Now this, he fancies, is in a great measure accomplished by out-of-the-way clothes—a mark of superiority which has the advantage of requiring but a small outlay of intellect; and cunning manufacturers invent things on purpose to suit this taste, as the men of Manchester export gay-coloured, large-figured patterns for the negroes. For him the cheap tailor announces the "Gent's Vest," which is the Hebrew for "snob's waistcoat," as patronized by the nobility. To his choice alone does the ready-made shoemaker appeal in the short fancy Alberts, labelled "The Fashion." If you are accustomed to derive a little gratuitous entertainment from shop-windows, as you go along the streets, you will see in the shops the funniest things, meant for the Gents, that it is possible to conceive. The most favourite style of *chaussure* is a species of cloth boot with a shiny leather toe; and down the front there is a close row of little mother-of-pearl shirt-buttons—not for any purpose, for they are simply sewn on, the real method of fastening on the *brodequin* being by the humble lace and tag at the side. But it is with the haberdashers that the toilet of the Gent comes out strongest. You will see "Gents' Dress Kid" ticketed in the window. Be sure these are large-sized, awkwardly-cut, yellow kid gloves, at one-and-sixpence. The tint is evidently a weakness with the Gents, and the merchants, lacking discrimination, believe that the predisposition is general. We will wager a dozen pairs of them, that you never went into one of these establishments, and simply and decidedly demanded a pair of white kid gloves, but you were immediately asked "If you would not prefer straw-coloured." And then the stocks—what rainbows of cravats they form! Blue always the favourite colour; blue with gold sprigs! blue with a crimson floss silk flower! And if they are black, they are fashioned into quaint conceits. Frills of black satin down the front, or bands of the same article, looking like an imitation of crimped skate; or studs of jet cut into all manner of facets, as if the Gent wore a black satin shirt, and that was where it fastened. And the stocks are more fanciful still; they are not very popular in their simple form. The Gents know that they cannot help looking like waiters when thus dressed, and so a little illegitimate finery is necessary to get a sell; hence they have lace ends, like the stamped papers from the top of *bonbon* and French plum-boxes. And the effect in society is very fine.—*Albert Smith.*

A musician, in giving notice of an intended concert at Cleveland, Ohio, said, "A variety of songs may be expected, too tedious to mention."

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN CHINA.—A letter has been issued by Keying, the high imperial commissioner of the Celestial Ruler of the Chinese Empire, granting toleration to all sects of Christians throughout the five ports (and, we presume, wherever they are permitted to be), in which this great functionary proclaims the following liberal principles:—"I do not understand drawing a line of demarkation between the religious ceremonies of the various nations; but virtuous Chinese shall by no means be punished on account of the religion they hold. No matter whether they worship images or do not worship images, there are no prohibitions against them, if, when practising their creed, they act well. You, the honourable envoy, need therefore not be solicitous about this matter, for all western nations shall in this respect certainly be treated upon the same footing and receive the same protection."

Our cotemporary, the *Barbadoes Mercury*, has the following:—" 'Strive and thrive' is a pretty good maxim for a business man—we have a better, done up, too, in rhyme:—

He that in this world would rise,
Must take the papers and *advertiser*."

A CAUTION TO CARPENTERS, &c.—The origin of a most destructive fire that occurred last week at the University Printing Office, Edinburgh, has been traced to the following fact:—A carpenter, having occasion to bore some joists, for the purpose of putting through an iron bar to enhance the strength of an upper flat, used for so doing a red-hot iron, which ignited some portion of the adjoining wood-work. It appears, that a considerable time elapsed between the operation referred to and the breaking out of the fire, but that during this period the presence of smoke had been observed heedlessly by some persons on the premises.—*Builder.*

The following is the comparative postage in the different countries: England, 1d.; Prussia, 2½d.; Spain, 2½d.; the United States of America, 2½d.; Sardinia, 3½d.; Austria, 3½d.; Russia, 4d.; and France, 4½d.

The Roman Amphitheatre at Dorchester has been saved from destruction, by the British Archaeological Association. It was intended that the Weymouth Railway should pass through it; but the Association has induced the engineer, Mr. I. K. Brunel, to divert the line so as to spare the venerable monument. The area of the amphitheatre is about 218 feet by 163 feet; it is of an oval form, and is surrounded by a mound of considerable thickness, formed of blocks of chalk cut from the centre, which is consequently much lower than the external surface. This wall is about twenty feet high. The amphitheatre at Silchester is of nearly the same form and dimensions as that at Dorchester, but it is not in such a perfect state of preservation. The area of the Colosseum at Rome is somewhat larger, being 263 feet by 165 feet.

The following colloquy is related by the *Journal de Valenges* to have passed, a few days ago, between a gendarme and a thief, named Fontaine, whom he had arrested at Tréviers (Calvados):—Gendarme.—"Foolish and wretched man, how could you, at your advanced age of 71, commit a crime for which you must make up your mind to pass the rest of your days in prison?"—Fontaine.—"I am not so unfortunate as you think. I have been a thief for sixty years, and this is the first time I was ever arrested."

A fellow in one of the cities "down east" recently advertised in a morning paper for a wife, and before night eighteen different men sent him word he might have theirs.—*American Paper.*

A Dutchman, in proceeding to a place from whence he heard the cries of distress, discovered one of his neighbours lying under a stone wall, which fell upon him and fractured his legs. "Well den," said Housse, "neighbour Vanderkiken, vat ish de matter vid you?" "Vat?" says Mattey, "vy see mine conditions, vit all dish big stones upon me, and mine legs broke off close to mine body." "Mine Cot," says Housse, "ish dat all? you hollered so like de devil, I thought you vas got de dooth ache."—*American Paper.*

MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.

On Thomas Bonde, of Earth, in Cornwall, the following quaint inscription appears in the church of Fulham, Middlesex:—

"At Earth, in Cornwall, was my firste beginnunge,
From Bondes and Corringtons, as it may apere;
Now to earth, in Fulham, God disposed my endunge,
In March, the thovsand and six hundred yere
Of Christ, in whome my body here doth rest
Tyll both in body and soule I shal be fully bleste.

Thomas Bonde.
Obit Ao. .Ætis Sue
68."

The family of Bonde was of great antiquity in Cornwall, and is said to have been originally seated at Penryn; but it removed thence at a very early period to Earth, on acquiring that estate in marriage with an heiress. From a common ancestor with the Earth Bonds, derives the present house of Bond, of Grange, co. Dorset.

Philips, the celebrated musician, is immortalised by Johnson's exquisite epitaph:—

"Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine."

Lord Harcourt, the celebrated chancellor, had an only son, the Hon. Simon Harcourt, who died before him, and was interred in the church of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire. The inscription to his memory is by Alexander Pope:—

"To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he died.

How vain is reason—eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh! let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own?"

Mr. Simon Harcourt had married Elizabeth, daughter of John Evelyn, of Wootton, and left a son, Simon, who succeeded, at his grandfather's decease, to the viscountcy of Harcourt, and was raised to an earldom in 1749.

Pope's own epitaph, in Twickenham church, is almost too well known to be quoted:—

"Heroes and kings—your distance keep:
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too."

—Patrician.

FORTUNE, A MAN OF.—One who is so unfortunate as to be released from the necessity of employment for the mind and exercise for the body, the two great constituents of happiness and health; who has everything to fear and nothing to hope, and who consequently pays in anxiety and ennui more than the value of his money.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Published on the 1st of every month, price 2d. stamped.

THE MIDLAND GAZETTE AND MONTHLY GENERAL ADVERTISING SHEET.—Guaranteed Circulation, 2,000.—Offices, Post-office, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts.

This Paper, established principally for the circulation of Advertisements, and not confined by religious or political opinions to any sect or party, but circulating freely amongst men of all classes and opinions, will be found the very best medium in the Midland Counties for Advertisements. Although the guaranteed circulation is stated to be 2,000, there is every probability that the actual sale will be far beyond that number, as the very moderate price (2s. 6d. per annum) for a stamped paper which can be transmitted post-free to all parts of the kingdom, will be much esteemed by many whose limited means do not warrant them in subscribing for a weekly paper, at a cost of 20s. to 26s.

That portion of the paper not occupied by advertisements will be dedicated to Local and General News, Reports of Railway and other Meetings, Police Intelligence, Obituaries, Notices, Readings with the Poets, Notices of and Extracts from new and interesting Works, &c., and will be made as interesting as possible to the general reader.

It is the proprietor's intention, until the circulation is established, to distribute the full number of unordered copies, per post, gratis, to the principal Inns, Hotels, Solicitors' Surveysors', and Railway Offices, Schools and Academies, Mechanics' and Circulating Libraries, and to the Clergy, Landed Gentry, and opulent Farmers of the Midland Counties; so that Advertisers may depend upon their favours receiving the utmost possible publicity.

The circulation of the "MIDLAND GAZETTE" will be found equal to any, and superior to most, of the Midland Counties' Journals, and will reach the hands of a greater variety of readers than any merely political organ can be expected to do.

In order to give to Advertisers every possible facility for carrying out their views, they will have the privilege of being supplied with a stated number of copies at the mere cost of the stamp and paper, viz. 1½d. per copy, by which means, if desirable, they will be able to cast their advertisements under the very eye of those whom they wish to interest or inform, and that without additional expense. Advertisements under 10s. to be entitled to any number of copies not exceeding 50; 10s. and upwards to any number not exceeding 100.

Enclosed is a Scale of Prices for advertising in the "MIDLAND GAZETTE." Payment to be made in advance; if by post-office order, to be made payable at Alfreton or Mansfield, to Mr. C. Plumb, Midland Gazette Office. To ensure insertion, Advertisements must be sent to the Office, or to the London Agent, previous to the 25th instant.

LONDON AGENT, MR. W. STRANGE, PUBLISHER,
21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Who will receive Orders and Advertisements, and with whom must be left (for inclosure) all New Books and Magazines intended for Notice.

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This Treatise is intended to prove that the present geological appearances of the Earth and fluctuations of its climates, its convulsions and submersions of strata, &c., have been and are periodic; and are determined by the specific agencies of the Earth's maximum and minimum polar stars, Vega and Ursa Minor, during their alternate polar dominations over this planet, in the course of each of the revolutions of her poles, in every 25,000 years.

The Authoress also clearly elucidates the narrative or Cosmogony of Moses, as most beautiful, and a master-piece of legislative wisdom, not hitherto sufficiently appreciated or admired.

London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

NEW INDIAN NEWSPAPER, entitled the CALCUTTA STAR and BOMBAY TIMES OVERLAND NEWS.

The first number of a new bi-monthly journal, in connexion with the Calcutta Star and the Bombay Times, entitled the "Calcutta Star and Bombay Times Overland News," appeared on the 2nd of April. The Calcutta Star and Bombay Times Overland News is published for despatch by the bi-monthly mail, via Southampton, on the 2nd and 19th of each month, for the mails of the 3rd and 30th. The Calcutta Star and Bombay Times Overland News contains a carefully prepared summary of all domestic and foreign news that is likely to be of interest to the Indian public. Subjects connected with our political, commercial, social, military and naval interests will receive particular attention, and no pains will be spared to render this journal a valuable and interesting organ of European intelligence. To advertisers addressing themselves to the Indian public the Calcutta Star and Bombay Times Overland News offers peculiar advantages. Upon the arrival in India of each mail 2,400 numbers of this journal will be distributed to the subscribers of the Calcutta Star and the Bombay Times, in addition to its general circulation amongst the Indian and English public. The facilities afforded for addressing the European public in India, through the columns of a journal thus circulated, are sufficiently obvious to render further remark unnecessary. The Calcutta Star and Bombay Times Overland News will be printed and published by William Ostell, 24, Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square, London, by whom advertisements will be received, and to whom all letters for the editor may be addressed. Scale of charges.—Annual subscription, 12s. single number, 8d.; advertisements, 1s. per line for a single insertion, 8d. per line when repeated.

GALVANISM.—Invalids are solicited to send to

Mr. HALSE, of 5, PELHAM CRESCENT, BROMPTON, LONDON, for his PAMPHLET on MEDICAL GALVANISM, which will be forwarded free on receipt of Two Postage Stamps. They will be astonished at its contents. In it will be found the particulars of cures in cases of Asthma, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Tic-douloureux, Paralysis, Spinal Complaints, Headaches, deficiency of Nervous Energy, Liver Complaints, General Debility, Indigestion, Stiff Joints, all sorts of Nervous disorders, &c. Mr. HALSE's method of applying the Galvanic Fluid is quite free from all unpleasant sensation; in fact, it is rather pleasurable than otherwise, and many ladies are exceedingly fond of it. It quickly causes the patient to do without medicine. Terms, One Guinea per week.

"Galvanism.—We hold it a positive duty to call attention to the extraordinary cures lately effected by Mr. Halse, of Pelham-crescent, Brompton, London, by the means of Galvanism. A detail of these may be seen in a clever pamphlet on the subject, lately published by the practitioner himself; but we are enabled to corroborate the most essential part of these statements, by the fact of having ourselves undergone the operation, the process of which is no way disagreeable, while the effect is equally astonishing and complete. In Asthma, more especially, the powers of Galvanism, properly applied, are wonderful."—*Court Journal*.

"Galvanism.—The Science of Galvanism appears to be now brought to great perfection, for we are given to understand that it can be administered to mere infants, without producing the least inconvenience to them. Mr. Halse, of Pelham-crescent, Brompton, is the gentleman to whom the public are indebted for this improvement in the Galvanic Apparatus: in short, Mr. Halse may be considered the Medical Galvanist of the Metropolis. Like most other men of talent, however, he has opponents and imitators; but what reasonable person, who feels desirous of trying the remedial powers of Galvanism, would think of resorting to any imitator, when Mr. Halse can himself be applied to?"—*Weekly Chronicle*.

"Galvanism.—Our readers may have noticed several extracts we have given from Mr. Halse's Pamphlet on Medical Galvanism. We have reason to believe, that every case stated in the pamphlet is perfectly true, wonderful as they certainly are; for a short time since we called on Mr. Halse, and were introduced by him to a gentleman who was undergoing the operation. The patient informed us that it was not at all an unpleasant sensation; indeed, we felt it ourselves, and there was not the least unpleasantness about it. This gentleman's case was Paralysis; and he declared to us, that before he came to Mr. Halse, one leg had withered away to a mere skeleton, 'but now,' said he, 'you perceive it is both stout and healthy.' Such, indeed, was the case. If we can judge by the number of patients Mr. Halse has, we should say he is making some very wonderful cures."—*Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*.

HALSE'S PORTABLE GALVANIC APPARATUS.—Mr. W. H. Halse, of 5, Pelham-crescent, Brompton, London, is now ready to supply patients with his efficient PORTABLE APPARATUS. It is constructed on so simple a plan, that the most unscientific can manage it; and what renders it far superior to all other galvanic apparatus is, that it will remain in action for several weeks without the least trouble. It is constructed on precisely the same principle as the ones he uses at Pelham-crescent; and as he galvanizes between 40 and 50 patients every day, it may be well supposed that he has brought the galvanic apparatus to great perfection. Price 10 guineas, the cash to accompany the order. Medical advice will be given how to apply it.

N.B.—By inclosing two postage stamps to Mr. Halse, a pamphlet on galvanism will be forwarded, post-free.

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THE ART-UNION, Monthly Journal of the Fine Arts, the Arts Decorative and Ornamental, and Record of British Manufacture.

Established in January 1839.

THE ART-UNION—of which Eighty-eight Monthly Parts have been issued since its commencement in January 1839—has been recommended by the Press, universally, as “ably and impartially conducted;” as “admirably calculated to advance the objects of artists, and increase the growing taste for Works of Art;” and as “at once establishing, by the excellence of its arrangements, the variety and interest of its intelligence, and the tone of its opinions, the highest claim upon all lovers of Art.” Similar recommendations have emanated from the foreign press; in *Galignani* it has been commended for “sound taste and judgment;” and by the *Kunstblatt* (the oracle of Art in Germany) it has been accepted as “a safe authority on all matters appertaining to British Art.”

The circulation of the ART-UNION has, during the past year, averaged 5,000 monthly. It is distributed not only among artists generally, but extensively among those whose leisure enables them to cultivate the Arts as sources of intellectual enjoyment, and who seek to be made acquainted with all improvements in Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts, and their application to the Useful Arts and the Arts Decorative and Ornamental, in their several departments.

The ART-UNION is especially recommended to families in which the Arts are studied as sources of intellectual enjoyment. To the Student in Drawing it may prove a most desirable aid, and to Schools a very valuable auxiliary.

To all who are interested in Art—either as a profession or an intellectual luxury—the ART-UNION cannot fail to be an acquisition. Its leading conductor, although his connexion with Art has been long and intimate, is not an artist. His aim is to be at once just and generous; to divest criticism of confusing and cumbersome technicalities; to avoid prejudice and partisanship as the most dangerous of all evils; to maintain and prove the pre-eminence of British Art; and, by the exertion of continual energy and industry, to advance a profession which receives, and is worthy to receive, the highest veneration; in short, to supply to artists, amateurs, and connoisseurs, accurate and useful information upon all subjects in which they are interested, and to the public the means of justly ascertaining and estimating the progress of Art, both at home and abroad.

Each monthly Part of the ART-UNION is largely illustrated by Wood Engravings, describing the various subjects under consideration; these, for the most part, exhibit the progress of taste as applied to manufactures, and are suggestions for decoration and ornament; woodcuts, however, are frequently introduced, of portraits, popular pictures, and other objects of interest; while presented with each number is an Engraving on Steel, or an example of fine Lithography, the cost of which, separately, would greatly exceed that of the part in which it appears.

Part LXXXIX. of the ART-UNION, commencing the Eighth Annual Volume, was published on the 1st of January, 1846; and the occasion is suggested as convenient for new Subscribers, who may thus be enabled to complete the work during the ensuing year. Hitherto much inconvenience has arisen in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining “sets,” several of the Parts having been “out of print.”

To Manufacturers, Decorative and Ornamental Designers, their Employers, and Artisans, and all who are interested in improving the Useful Arts by subjecting them to the influence of the Fine Arts, the ART-UNION Monthly Journal is recommended as supplying such practical information as may enhance the mercantile value of the various productions of British industry.

In order to communicate facts so as to render them available as suggestions to the producer, the several articles are illustrated by Explanatory Woodcuts. They are addressed to every trade in which taste can be brought to co-operate with the artisan; and the mercantile value of the useful arts be augmented by the aid of the fine arts.

The ART-UNION Journal, as its name imports, was instituted mainly to enforce the necessity of union between the different branches of Art, and more particularly the intimate connection that exists between those Arts which have been regarded as entirely artistic, and those which have been deemed exclusively mechanical; the purpose being to shew that mind as well as hand is required in every branch of Decorative Art.

The publication, therefore, is recommended to the attention of persons interested in the cultivation of the arts of Decoration and Ornament—in the furnishing of houses with taste, elegance, and judgment; and in the introduction of improvements in designs for British manufactures—from articles of high importance to the most trifling matters in general use, which may be made subservient to the judicious education of the eye and mind—a work in which every manufacturer is unconsciously taking an active part, and which he either advances or retards, more or less, by every article he multiplies and circulates among mankind.

Thus publicity is given, as far as the influence of the Journal extends, to any improvement introduced into the external form and character of articles of British manufacture. The supremacy of our manufactures has been long maintained, and is universally acknowledged on the continent. While, however, the foreign producer admits our superiority in the very essential points of substance and durability, he generally refers with mingled triumph and scorn to the forms of our productions. But a time is approaching when we may surpass the foreign competitor in design as much as we have hitherto excelled him in material.

In pursuance of our plan, therefore, we shall notice every improvement in manufactured articles where the influence of the Fine-Arts has been or may be exercised; and, wherever our notices require the aid of explanatory woodcuts, such woodcuts shall be associated with them. We may thus hold out a sure encouragement to improvement, in giving to such improvement that publicity which rarely fails to secure substantial reward, while exciting a more general desire to achieve excellence.

Hitherto the manufacturer has had no medium by which he could make known the improvements in taste and external form to which his produc-

tions had been subjected; for the public journals have completely overlooked the silent but powerful instructors which emanate from the factories of Great Britain.

The present period is auspicious for our purpose; the establishment of Schools of Design in the leading manufacturing towns of the kingdom is producing the best results; and the boon recently accorded by the Legislature to the manufacturer, by enabling him to register his improvements, secures him from piracy. We have made such arrangements—during a recent tour in the manufacturing districts—as will enable us to procure copies of the best designs, at the time they are registered, and which we shall as early as possible afterwards, communicate to the public.

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A Copy of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st February, 1845.

“To Professor Holloway.—Sir,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time for your politeness in sending me your pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and at the same time to add, that your pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the faculty at home, and all over the continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad or Marienbad! I wish to have another box and a pot of the ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.—I remain, with much respect, your most obliged and obedient servant,

(Signed)

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Ague	Consumption	Inflammation	Stone and gravel
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Bowel complaints	Fever of all kinds	Piles	Worms of all kinds
Colic	Fits	Rheumatism	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Constipation of bowels	Gout	Scrofula, or king's evil	
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These truly invaluable pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor Holloway, near Temple-bar, London, and of most respectable vendors of medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices:—1s. 1d. 2s. 9d. 4s. 6d. 11s. 22s. and 33s. each box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N.B. Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

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To be immediately DISPOSED OF, a SHOP in the above line, doing an excellent business, and fitted up in excellent style, situate in a first-rate business neighbourhood on the Surrey side. Price, for lease, good-will, fixtures, and library, only 100*l*. Any one seeking a business in the above line will do well to apply early to Mr. Ward, auctioneer, 137, Blackfriars-road.

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OTHERS.—To be DISPOSED OF, by Mr. J. H. PAGE, a TRADE, established for many years, agreeably situate in a highly respectable neighbourhood, near the Regent's-park. There is a library consisting of all the recent publications. The premises have recently undergone extensive repairs, and are admirably adapted for letting, and to those in search of a business, which will yield a respectable income, the trade will be desirable.

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